Mr Smith x

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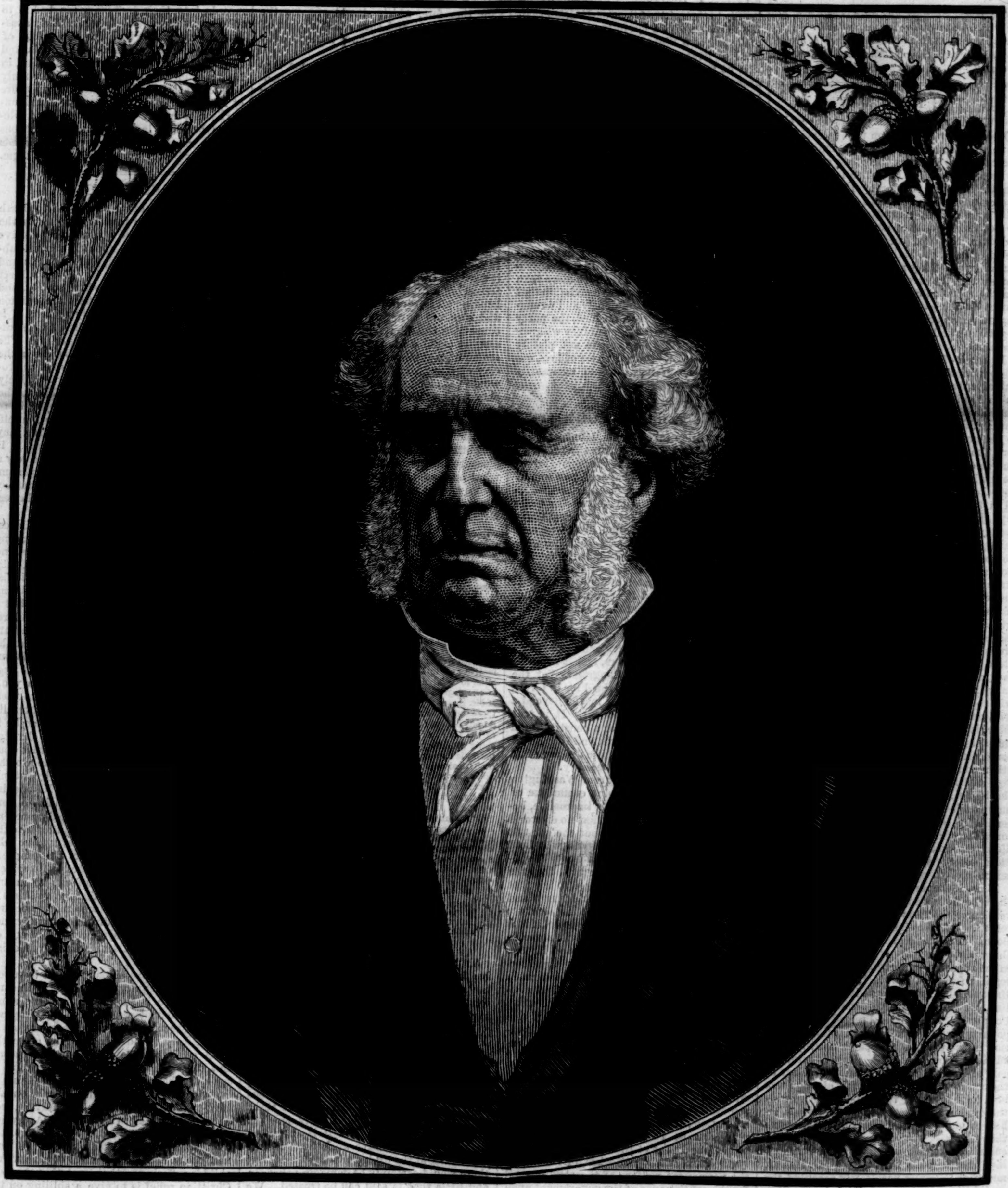

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.—Photographed by Howell, Broadway, New York.—[See Page 46.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 20, 1877.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains an interesting and concise summary of*

THE EASTERN QUESTION,

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THE TRUE WAY.

SEVERAL Democratic papers have objected to our assertion that in deciding upon the electoral returns from the States, the only sure guide is the State certificate in lawful form. The objection is that there may be fraud in the form. It will not be denied that the valid vote can be known only by a lawful declaration. It is not to be decided by a mere count of the ballots found in the box, because boxes may be "stuffed," and the ballots may be in various ways illegal. They may be folded together, names may be wrongly printed, or there may be twice as many ballots as there are names on the poll lists. Here at the very beginning appears the necessity of lawful regulation, and it continues up to the final declaration.

In most of the States the local election officers are authorized to purge the polls of palpable frauds and errors. In some States, as in Louisiana, the local officers have no final authority, but the State Board alone has lawful power to scrutinize the polls and to declare the result. In Louisiana, therefore, the popular majority can be lawfully known only by the declaration of the State Returning Board, and no other electoral vote from that State can lawfully be counted in the presence of the two Houses, except that which is completed according to the law of the State. It may be a bad and dangerous law. But will it be argued that Congress may set aside the electoral return from a State because it does not approve the State law that prescribes the way in which the return shall be made? The plain intent of the Constitution, and the principle hitherto adopted by Congress and recognized by the country, is that the State certificate, lawfully completed, shall be final. The State is to appoint electors in such manner as it may prefer, to hold elections on the day designated, and to forward its certified will to Congress, which is to see that that will, ascertained as the State may determine, is correctly reported. The Constitution does not provide for a contest, because it could not contemplate the possibility of any other contest than the question which of two certificates has the form required by the State law. To go behind that, and to inquire whether the law be proper, or which certificate ought to have had the lawful sanction, would be to make Congress a judicial tribunal and Returning Board for State elections, and to complete absolute centralization.

It is, however, a fair inquiry whether there be no remedy for the fraudulent perversion of the form of law in the electoral return. If, for instance, the Returning Board of Louisiana should fraudulently throw out an apparent majority and count in an apparent minority, yet all under the regular forms of law, is there no redress? Undoubtedly there is, but it is not revolution, nor the total overthrow of the State by Congress. The practical remedy under our popular constitutional system is the destruction of the party that secures a temporary advantage by the fraud. Take, again, the case of Louisiana. Let it be made clear to the country that a free and fair election was held in that State; that without fear or intimidation, as in New England elections, an honest majority was cast for Mr. Tilden; that a partisan board under suspicious circumstances threw out, under the forms of law, enough polls to count in Mr. Hayes, and that Congress necessarily accepted the certificate, complete and regular, according to the State law—let this be done, and even Massachusetts would be no longer Republican. The forms of law might have been faithfully respected, but those who had cheated under those forms would have destroyed themselves and the party which they hoped to benefit by the fraud.

Take, now, another view. Let it be made clear to the country that the election in Louisiana was not fair and free; that for years there had been constant intimidation and terror toward Republicans; that in districts where there had been within a year or two Republican majorities of two or three thousand, there were not a hundred Republican votes cast; that in every parish where there were not proved murders and terror of the Republicans, there were increased Republican majorities; and that in this situation a Republican Board threw out under the mandate of law enough polls to give the Republicans a majority, and that their return, complete and regular under the law of the State, came to Congress, although there might be serious doubt of the wisdom or constitutionality of the State law, could Congress do more wisely than abide by the lawful return? Could there be any thing more hostile to the spirit of the Constitution than the rejection of the lawfully certified electoral vote of a State? And would not any kind of irregular, unlawful, or violent action be both fatal and absurd? The only ground on which Congress could plausibly assume to reject a State vote under the circumstances we have described of alleged violence on one side and alleged fraud on the other, would be under the constitutional obligation of Congress to guarantee a republican form of government to every State, and the decision that the government of the State was not republican in form. But that position would have consequences which would reach very much farther than to the electoral vote. As we said at the beginning of the controversy we say now, that the only reasonable and patriotic and safe solution lies in adherence to the forms of law. If the transactions in Louisiana which we have more than once mentioned shall cause a conviction that the result has been fraudulently and wrongfully, although lawfully, decided, the party which must bear the responsibility will pay the penalty, while any course not plainly within the acknowledged forms of law, under whatever pretense, would necessarily end in anarchy.

THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

The position taken by Mr. Morton in his report of May, 1874, that from the necessity of the case the President of the Senate might be compelled to decide between two sets of electors, or upon "the sufficiency and validity of the record of the votes"—in other words, that the President of the Senate may decide every vital question in the present debate, and without appeal—has been, we presume, practically abandoned. Such a theory could be maintained only by the most violent perversion of the Constitution by construction, and it certainly could not have had general approval. It is a power evidently not expressed. It could not fairly be presumed to be intended. It is hostile to the spirit of the instrument and to the known views of its authors, and it has never been recognized by Congress. Yet the situation, however unprovided for in terms, does not seem to us by any means beyond a settlement by mutual consent. It is true that it is easier to call for a constitutional and lawful solution than to find it. But it is no less true that a patriotic desire to find the remedy is all that is necessary.

It is stated in letters from Washington that agreement of the joint committee of Congress will be practically impossible, because the Senate will hold that no electoral vote shall be rejected without the consent of both Houses, and the House will hold that none shall be counted without the consent of both. It is further stated that the House will, of course, not agree to the first plan, because it would elect Hayes, and that the Senate will reject the last, because it would elect Tilden. If this be so, if it is indisputable that the Senate will agree to nothing that will not certainly elect Hayes, and the House to nothing that will not certainly elect Tilden, we concede, inasmuch as there can be but one President, that a solution would be extremely difficult. But we are not ready to admit it, because, if this statement be correct, the government is already wrecked upon the rock which has ruined every republic—the madness of party spirit. The present situation is a test of patriotism and of fidelity to our own principles. Of course, if every Senator and Representative be intent only upon a party advantage, if the sole purpose of the Republicans be to declare their candidate elected, and that of the Democrats precisely the same, then patriotism, or regard for the permanent welfare of the country, and for the continuance of the government upon fixed principles, is extinct.

But the very first thing that an honorable member of either House has to do is to forget Mr. Tilden and Mr. Hayes. The next thing is to determine the general principle upon which the electoral vote of a State shall be regarded. Here the question will be whether the lawful and regular certificate of the State, when once ascertained, shall be conclusive. This is a point which is susceptible of impartial discussion, and so is every other, always supposing that members have not already inflexibly decided what to do, as the letters we have mentioned assert. If, as we believe, there be still some feeling and conviction deserving the name of patriotism, then every question can be considered in the committee as it would be in a Constitutional Convention. And suppose an honest disagreement, after all—suppose that it be impossible to reach any conclusion as to a method of deciding between contesting certificates, or the power of throwing out the vote of a State—then, as it is an honest disagreement, it is not conceivable that both sides would not see that nothing can be so unfortunate as to leave the points absolutely unsettled. That side, therefore, which should propose the most reasonable and simple adjustment of the disagreement would carry the sympathy and support of the country.

It is surely unnecessary to assume that reason, intelligence, patriotism, and common-sense will be unknown in the deliberations of the committee. The members are aware that there is a public opinion which is not hot with party passion, and which will judge the conclusions of the conference. We believe that there are those in the committee and in both Houses who are capable of considering the question not with regard to this election only, but to all elections, and who will be more interested in devising an adequate and satisfactory solution of the problems offered by the situation than in the election of Mr. Hayes or of Mr. Tilden. It would be ludicrous in the last degree, if it were not tragical, to suppose that, plainly foreseeing a difficulty of this kind, comprehending all its significance, and with ample and absolute power to provide for it, the committee should report that it was very sorry it could do nothing. There is not a scoffer at republican institutions nor an enemy of free government in the world who would not shout with glee at so ridiculous a catastrophe. We do not often find ourselves agreeing with Senator Bayard in our views of public affairs; but his remarks upon the situation, as recently reported in the *Herald*, are both sensible and patriotic, and we have pleasure in quoting them. He was asked what he thought of the suggestion that the House should refuse to pass the appropriations in the event of the inauguration of Mr. Hayes.

> "To do any thing to hamper the incoming Administration by refusing in advance appropriations is an act of revolution and almost certainly of war. We can not in this country live in a state of semi-revolution. We should drift into civil war. In fact, the scheme proposed would be war. In my opinion the Constitution and laws afford every requisite remedy for grievances. Unlawful steps on one side, if such steps are taken, must not be met by unlawful steps on the other. If you make such a suggestion or advocate such a policy, men will cease to reason on both sides. We suffer to-day, as we have in the past, not so much from intended wrong as from mutual misunderstanding of motive and intent. We must not permit the public mind to be blinded by strife and confusion. We need, of all things, serenity in order to see things as they are. If Mr. Hayes is inaugurated under the sanction of law, there should be no suggestion of violent resistance. I do not believe that he will be inaugurated in violation of the forms of law. I think I see already a better spirit prevailing. I believe there are moderate and patriotic men enough in the two Houses of Congress, on both sides, to get together and settle this question honorably and justly. I believe some one has been elected, and, if there is doubt who has been chosen, the Constitution contains clear and ample means for solving it. If on the 14th of February it does not appear that an election by the several colleges of electors has been accomplished, the provisions for an immediate election are supplied in clear terms by the same charter of powers. When this result is made known, the people will demand, and the honorable men of both sides in Congress will see to it, that the person lawfully entitled is inaugurated, and no violence will be needed and none will be tolerated."

LEGISLATION AND HUMAN LIFE.

The shock of the calamity of the Brooklyn fire was followed by that of the fall of the railroad bridge at Ashtabula, and the terrible loss of life by crushing and burning. The circumstances were so pitiful—a wild snow gale, freezing cold, and a consuming fire in the wreck—that there is little room for any feeling but that of sympathy and horror. There appears to have been no especial negligence, unless the great weight of the train be thought a dangerous risk for the bridge that fell. But there were trains as heavy constantly passing. The bridge was iron, and it is suggested that the frost may have weakened it. The reports about the bridge are conflicting; but there would certainly be damaging charges, and little that is said can be trusted. We can not yet see that the catastrophe could readily have been avoided, or that any one is especially responsible.

The *Tribune*, however, states that there has been neglect of the road-bed, a diminution of the rolling stock, and a general stinginess of management. If this be true, if every reasonable and approved means of securing the safety of the road by constant and thorough inspection and by prompt and adequate repairs were not adopted, the railroad company is morally guilty of the frightful slaughter. And if the New York Central is remiss in the same way, and has relaxed its careful inspection, as the *Tribune* also states, the fact should be widely published and understood.

The terrible fire in the Brooklyn Theatre and this accident on the Lake Shore road emphasize the necessity of the most careful and ample legislation for the greater security of human life. The recommendations of Governor Robinson, of New York, upon this subject are timely and forcible. He urges the Legislature to provide efficiently by law against such disasters as that in Brooklyn, and says, truly, "Those who seek to make money by gathering the people in crowds into their buildings are bound to take every precaution to insure their absolute safety." He includes the safety of churches and school-houses and halls, and that of passengers upon railroad trains, in his recommendations. It would certainly be pleasant if the Republican Legislature of New York could secure so great and unpartisan a trophy as a practical and adequate building law, and such regulations for the running of trains upon railroads that other States would gladly adopt them.

STREET BEGGING.

The recent freezing of a child to death in the arms of the mother begging in the streets has occasioned several very positive expressions of opinion upon the general subject of charitable relief, and of public and private duty in regard to it. It is a subject of such importance in modern society, and especially in great cities, that the opinion of those who have carefully studied it is very much more important than sentimental protests against "machine charity." The man who gives a shilling to a beggar in the street, and thanks God that he is not as professional philanthropists are, is very likely to be an indolent, self-indulgent fellow, who thinks both to eat his cake and have it, to help another without any cost to himself. Such a man by his thoughtless giving may be doing a very grave mischief, and it is because of such conduct, which is merely a shirking of individual duty, that pauperism, multiplying and perpetuating itself, has become one of the most serious of social questions.

There is a short and easy way of disposing of the question, which consists in saying that the poor we have always with us, and that alms-giving is one of the chief Christian duties. But careless, ignorant, indiscriminate, vice-breeding, and demoralizing alms-giving is not a Christian duty, but a scandal and an offense to morals and religion and social order. The indiscriminate alms-giver is more a public nuisance than the beggar; and whoever says, as he pulls out his purse to give money to the street beggar, "The poor ye have always with you," takes the words in vain, and insults their meaning and spirit, if he does not carefully ascertain that it is the poor to whom he is giving. The harm that "machine charity" may do is very much lighter than that done by an alms-giving which robs the worthy poor and injures honest industry by encouraging beggary as a profession. No one, indeed, has the right to say a single contemptuous word of what is called "machine charity" until he personally inquires into the cases that he relieves; and every one who does that very soon discovers that in great cities and in our complex society no system of private individual relief can be in any degree thorough or satisfactory, and that if we would relieve those who really need relief, and not pension drunkards and criminals, there must be systematized means of ascertaining the facts, and that is "machine charity."

But no such system is intended to supersede private inquiry and sympathy and relief, although it should prevent the alms-giving which dispenses with that inquiry. We have seen some piteous assertions of the sacred duty of individual giving since the death of the poor baby in the mother's arms. But those who say this are not careful to say also whether they recommend giving to every woman who sits in the cold on the curb-stone holding a child, or only to such as are ascertained to be in want. And when real want is ascertained, the question of the best means of relief still remains. It does not follow, because a woman or a man or a child is suffering on the street, that the most Christian relief is to give a shilling on the spot. If the argument against "machine charity" be that every body who asks alms should be relieved by the passenger, it is an intelligible argument, however absurd. But no sensible person will continue the discussion. If, however, it be admitted that there must be some inquiry, then the method of inquiry which is shown to be the most reasonable and efficient will be preferred by all truly Christian souls.

The discussion which has followed the death of the baby has been very useful, for it has shown that the only real opposition to a well-organized system of relief is a vague protest that such a system enables us to throw off our individual responsibility to the poor. But those who utter the protest, content with a sentimental virtue, are not apparently aware that it is that very shirking of individual responsibility which has produced the system of organized relief. The inquiry which that individual responsibility entails was so neglected in street and door alms-giving that the curse of professional pauperism was settling upon us with all its incalculable heritage of crime and suffering. Those who think and feel upon this great social question, who have studied it with sympathy and intelligence, as hundreds of the most humane and religious persons in England and America have done, are of the opinion that indiscriminate street giving merely increases poverty, suffering, and crime; and that the better method for one who will not or can not inquire himself is not to disregard the appeal, but to take care that the facts are investigated. To that end such persons should supply themselves with tickets from the relief societies, not necessarily to supersede, but to supplement, individual inquiry.

THE TRUE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

THE country has no reason to be ashamed of its attitude, so far, in the pending contest. The general sentiment has demanded a peaceful and lawful settlement. As yet there have been no serious threats of violence or opposition in case of a lawful decision in favor of either candidate, and, with some exceptions, the discussion upon the doubtful points of the pending question has been reasonable and fair. The chief exception to this situation was the call of various Democratic committees for partisan mass-meetings on the 8th of January. The calls spoke of the contemplated outrages upon the rights of the people. But in all the States, except Indiana, where the meetings were called they were a movement of the minority. The meetings—and we write before they have been held—could not be of any service, and might easily breed mischief. The essential question is not one that could be wisely discussed by excited orators to hot partisan assemblies, because it is a question of legal construction. If the object of the meetings had been to declare a determination to acquiesce in a lawful settlement, whatever it might be, they might have been useful. But as means of exciting fears of disorder to force a purely partisan settlement, they could be only mischievous, and such unquestionably was their intention.

The patriotic good sense shown in the remarks of Senator BAYARD which we quote elsewhere, was shown also in those of Mr. LAMAR which were contained in the report of the same interview. And the Democratic State Central Committee of Missouri very wisely declined to call a party convention to agitate the subject, holding that the result of the election had proved the Democratic sentiment of the State, and declaring that the committee had full faith and confidence in the wisdom and patriotism of their party in Congress, and that the Democrats of Missouri would support whatever just plan may be authoritatively adopted for the solution of the Presidential difficulties. This recognizes, as it should, the authority of Congress to settle the question, and is another exhortation to Congress to agree upon a settlement. The petitions which have been sent from citizens of great commercial weight in the large cities will also serve to reveal to Congress the true sentiment of the country, which is not that the question shall be settled anyhow, but that it shall be settled in a way which will show that, whatever its present partisan aspect, it is really a settlement for all elections and for the general welfare.

We do not sympathize with those who have been in anguish over the doubt of the last two months. It seems to us that "the centennial year" has offered no finer evidence of the real worth of popular institutions than the country has presented during this momentous debate. In two States there are two local governments peacefully awaiting a lawful declaration of their comparative claims. In one State the return of a political board has been revised in obedience to the mandate of a court, and the Chief Magistracy given to a candidate who was defeated by the first count. And in all the States, the two great parties, through all the feverish excitement of the uncertain result of a national election, have absolutely refrained from disorder and violence. Other countries may weave finer silks and paint porcelain more delicately; but we doubt if there be a country in the world except the United States in which the history of the last two months would be possible.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE article upon this subject, by Major CONSTABLE, in another part of this paper, is the best summary that has been published. Those persons who find the morning papers full of telegrams from Constantinople, and who are aware of the intense interest with which Europe watches the Conference at Constantinople, are often at a loss to understand what they read, because they do not know the beginnings of the story. For such persons Major CONSTABLE'S clear and precise account of the history and the issues of the Eastern question will be full of instruction and satisfaction. It is, in fact, a manual of the whole matter, and, with the map which illustrates it, should be preserved for constant reference while the question remains open. The article has the further interest of being the work of one who has familiar personal knowledge of the subject. Major CONSTABLE knows the Turks and other Mohammedans by long residence among them, and his opinion of some classes among them is more favorable than the general judgment. "A Turkish Mussulman is not necessarily the fanatical ruffian we have heard so much about lately." Major CONSTABLE inclines to the opinion that Turkey in desperation might even throw down the gage to Russia and proclaim a holy war, if she could obtain money. He says that the Turkish infantry and artillery, when properly led, are equal to any in the world. As a soldier of experience in the East, his opinion is entitled to consideration, and, as we go to press, the news from Constantinople seems to favor Major CONSTABLE'S view.

A POPULAR MAJORITY.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON, of New York, said in his inaugural speech on the 1st of January that the people of the Union had called Mr. TILDEN "by an emphatic popular majority to the highest place in the nation." This is a kind of clap-trap of which we had supposed Governor ROBINSON to be incapable. He knows very well that it is the constitutional electoral majority, and not that of the aggregate popular vote, which elects the President. His remarks were both impertinent and mischievous, not only because "an emphatic popular majority" does not necessarily elect a President, but because the actual numerical superiority of the TILDEN vote is exclusively in the Southern States, where it does not represent the preference of the people expressed in free and fair elections, but the effect of terrorization by the TILDEN party.

But this reference to a popular majority as if it were necessarily an honest majority, or conclusive as to the election of President, is the more mischievous because it tends to breed disregard and contempt of the forms of law, without which orderly government is impossible. Governor ROBINSON has disappointed by his remarks all his political opponents who were disposed to think him a candid and truly conservative man. As the Chief Magistrate of New York, if he alluded to the general situation at all, it was his duty to declare the government to be rightfully that of the lawful and constitutional majority.

SIGNS.

THE Democratic party, which raised the cry of reform during the campaign of the autumn, and which was supported by many well-meaning persons under the persuasion that the cry really meant something, may be instructively studied in the light of two or three facts. The "reform" Democratic leaders in the House of Representatives are FERNANDO WOOD and Speaker RANDALL. That is a very significant fact. Again, to fill the vacancy in the present Congress caused by the election of Mr. ELY as Mayor of New York, the Democratic "reformers" have elected Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, the faithful counselor of the reformer JAMES FISK, and the adroit lawyer who has so long enabled TWEED to evade the penalty of his offenses. In the New York Assembly the Democratic "reformers" nominated LUKE F. COZANS as their representative man and candidate for Speaker. Mr. COZANS is unknown out of the State, but within it he is perfectly well known as a conspicuous disciple of the TWEED school of politicians.

It is the party that honors such men as these which affects to sneer at the Republican party because of certain Republicans. But look at the corresponding position of the Republican party as evidence of an honest and hopeful spirit. While the Democrats in the House are led by FERNANDO WOOD and Speaker RANDALL, the Republican leaders are General GARFIELD and GEORGE F. HOAR. While the Democrats, in a city district which they were sure of carrying, nominated DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, the legal ally of TWEED, the Republicans, in a district which they hoped to carry, nominated LEVI P. MORTON. And while the Democrats in the Assembly honor LUKE F. COZANS by selecting him as candidate for Speaker, the Republicans nominate GEORGE B. SLOAN, a gentleman who is known chiefly for his absolute integrity and sound sense, and for his total contempt of political intrigue and jobbery.

Such signs as these are not exceptional nor delusive. The Republican party has always shown a recuperative power, a capacity of wise reform in its ranks, which the Democrats have never displayed. Certainly no American in his senses would suppose that any interest of right or law, of liberty or justice, of trade, industry, or finance, would be more secure in the hands of Messrs. FERNANDO WOOD, Speaker RANDALL, DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, and LUKE F. COZANS than in those of General GARFIELD, GEORGE F. HOAR, LEVI P. MORTON, and GEORGE B. SLOAN. If, as we are often informed, parties must be judged by those whom they choose to represent them, let the Democratic party be judged.

PERSONAL.

"COLONEL" CREIGHTON, writing from Washington to the Danbury *News*, thus describes one of the brightest men in the House of Representatives, one of the cleverest editors in the country, and one of the most agreeable men on the planet: "I had a good look at HENRY WATTERSON yesterday, and I rather like him, with a modification. I want to tell you he is a thorough newspaper man. He gathers news and writes editorials on his feet. He is very miscellaneous, and is much around. Every group has WATTERSON in consultation. Now he's with ABE HEWITT. He says, 'Yes,' 'Certainly,' and 'Do you think so?' and in a moment he's laughing with BLACKBURN, who is a relative of his. In a moment more FERNANDO WOOD is in confab with him. And so it goes all day. WATTERSON is about thirty-five years of age. He began his career in this city, on the *States*, as a reporter. GEORGE W. ADAMS, the scholarly and diplomatic correspondent of the *World*, was on the same paper with him. That was about fifteen or sixteen years ago. He went to Louisville, and when GEORGE D. PRENTICE died, WATTERSON stepped into his shoes, after putting in cork soles. His management of the *Courier-Journal* has been effectively brilliant, robust, vigorous, and painstaking. His head is somewhat the shape of General SIGEL'S, but his face is purely American. He wears a mustache and goatee, well attended to and carefully parted. His hair is lightish fair. He dresses well and neatly, frowns in seams across his forehead without anger. When a boy he lost his right eye, but from the gallery its absence would hardly be noticed."

—A few weeks since there died in England a man once widely known in America—Sir HENRY DE HOUGHTON, the wealthy baronet, whose sympathies with the Southern Confederacy were strong enough to induce him to "invest" £200,000 in rebel bonds. He was understood to have held on to the last, and of course lost every penny of the sum—a million dollars in gold. A still larger fortune, however, remained to him. He was thrice-married, and his last wife survives him, but he died childless, and the baronetcy devolves on his brother. It is the second oldest baronetage in England, and the family is far older than the baronetage. It is stated that the lands of Hoghton held by WILLIELMUS DE HOCTON in 1147 have remained in the family to the present day, the £200,000 above mentioned, which did not remain, having been derived from some other source.

—Hon. HORATIO SEYMOUR has written the following reply to an invitation to deliver the address at Schuylerville, at the centennial celebration of BURGOYNE'S surrender, October 17, 1877:

"UTICA, *December* 30, 1876.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am much gratified with the invitation of the Saratoga Monument Association to deliver the address on the occasion of the coming centennial of the surrender of BURGOYNE. I will try to prepare the address, though it will be uncertain if the state of my health will permit me to deliver it. I have been in very poor health during the past summer, and though now a little improved, I am far from being restored.

I am truly yours,

"HORATIO SEYMOUR.

"To WILLIAM L. STONE, Esq., *Secretary of the Saratoga Monument Association.*"

—TENNYSON'S dedication of his new tragedy, *Harold*, to Lord LYTTON is interesting in view of the estrangement which for a long time existed between the Poet Laureate and the father of the man to whom he has now paid this unusual compliment. He acknowledges his indebtedness to BULWER'S historical romance of *Harold* for the material of his poem, and says to Lord LYTTON, "As your father dedicated his *Harold* to my father's brother, allow me to dedicate my *Harold* to yourself." Yet TENNYSON once referred to BULWER as the "padded man that wears the stays," the half of whose little "heart was dirt."

—When Prince BISMARCK is at home on his extensive estates at Varzin, in Pomerania, his life is of the simplest kind. His relations with tenants and servants, among whom firm order reigns, is thoroughly patriarchal in its nature. His requirements from them are large, but so admirably organized that they are in no way made to feel their dependence. The annual harvest-home in the autumn, a holiday in which BISMARCK regularly joins, is anticipated by all with pleasure. On this occasion all persons belonging to the farms assemble at the castle, and after one of the girls has expressed in a poem the united congratulations of the tenantry, and a hearty meal is partaken of, the dance is opened by BISMARCK with the first maid and the Princess with the head man. Such festivities, greatly contributing toward ameliorating and strengthening the relations between masters and their servants, are somewhat ignored and despised in Germany. The people who in Varzin have but little idea of the eminence and worldly greatness of their Prince, honor in him a good master, and on the departure of the family for winter residence in Berlin, wish his grace a "hearty farewell and a happy meeting next year."

—Mr. S. B. CHITTENDEN, M.C. from Brooklyn, is quite well known in Washington for his hospitality. He lives in the house formerly occupied by Senator SUMNER, and is said to entertain more frequently than any other member of the House of Representatives. He gives many dinners, at which he usually manages to have members of both political parties present.

—Certainly nothing could be more definitely "personal" than the following:

"One morning Miss Bridget O'Farrel
Shplitted up a petroleum barrel.
'Now,' said she, 'I'll have a foine fire.'
And surely she did,
For when they found Bid,
She was baked like a brick—only dryer."

—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, the new leader of the ministerial party in the House of Commons, is well remembered by many of our citizens, who saw something of him while he was in this country in 1871 as one of the High Joint Commission at Washington. Mr. SMALLEY writes to the *Tribune* that "he used to be thought, by those who did not know him in private, rather heavy. It was many years after he had won a reputation as an exceedingly good talker, before his public speeches became lively. But he was listened to because he knew how to handle a subject in the way in which the House likes to have it handled. It is only the few who can afford to be brilliant in the House—men who have won a commanding position by other qualities, and by the most solid abilities. The prejudice against intellect is no novelty. The odd thing is that it should be shared by men themselves intellectual. I heard of a man saying the other day that he seldom liked men with brains—they were generally such cads. He had plenty of brains of his own, and he was not a cad; but the inconsistency of his complaint did not seem to strike him. Men don't reason about such things, they feel. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir STAFFORD may be said to have been, on the whole, a success. He showed sufficient knowledge of finance, and his speaking grew steadily better and lighter in touch—surely an odd result to come from devotion to figures, without the help of that fine imaginative power in the treatment of them which made Mr. GLADSTONE'S Budget speeches rank with his very greatest orations."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: On the 3d, two employés of the Western Union Telegraph Company were presented, one to each House, for contempt in refusing to answer questions and produce documents. Mr. Knott (Democrat), of Kentucky, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, presented to the House, on the 3d, the report of the committee on the admission of the Representative from the State of Colorado, with a resolution declaring that Colorado is a State in the Union. Mr. Hurd (Democrat), of Ohio, presented a minority report recommending the passage of an act of Congress admitting Colorado as a State. Both reports were recommitted.—On the 4th, Senator Conkling presented the petition of bankers and merchants of New York in reference to the Presidential election. Referred to a special committee. Senator Wright's bill proposing a court to try contests for the offices of President and Vice-President was called up, and Mr. Wright spoke at length in support of it. Mr. Kernan replied, and the bill went over. In the House, the Military Academy Bill, appropriating $265,161, was reported, and made the special order for the 8th. A bill providing for salaries for United States district attorneys instead of fees was reported. The New York attorney's salary is fixed at $10,000. The bill granting pensions to certain sailors and soldiers of the Mexican, Florida, and Black Hawk wars, or their unmarried widows, was passed. Leave was asked to introduce a resolution instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the present strength, occupation, and location of the army, why troops were ordered to Washington, the motive of the orders, to whom made, etc., with leave to send for persons and papers, but objection was made.—The House, on the 5th, concurred in the Senate's amendments to the Pension Bill.

The New York State Legislature was formally organized on the 2d. Assemblyman George B. Sloan, of Oswego, was elected Speaker by a vote of 69, against 57 for Luke F. Cozans. The Governor's Message was read, and both Houses adjourned without doing any public business of importance.

United States Senator Ferry has been renominated by the Republican caucus of the Michigan Legislature. Mr. Blaine has also been renominated for the Senate by the caucus of his State.

The Republican Legislature of Louisiana, on the 1st, passed a concurrent resolution calling upon the President for troops to suppress armed resistance. The Democratic members demanded admission to the State-house, but were refused. They then went to St. Patrick's Hall, where they organized a Legislature of their own.

Elbert A. Woodward, who was arrested in Chicago, some time ago, for complicity in the New York Ring frauds, was released from the Tombs, on the 30th ult., by order of the Attorney-General of the State. It is said to be the purpose of the authorities to use Woodward as a witness in the Ring suits. His testimony is said to be very important. He is said to have restored $105,000 to the city, and to have given security for $50,000 more.

David Dudley Field was, on the 2d inst., elected a Representative in Congress from the Seventh District in this city, to fill the unexpired term of Mayor Smith Ely, Jun.

FOREIGN NEWS.

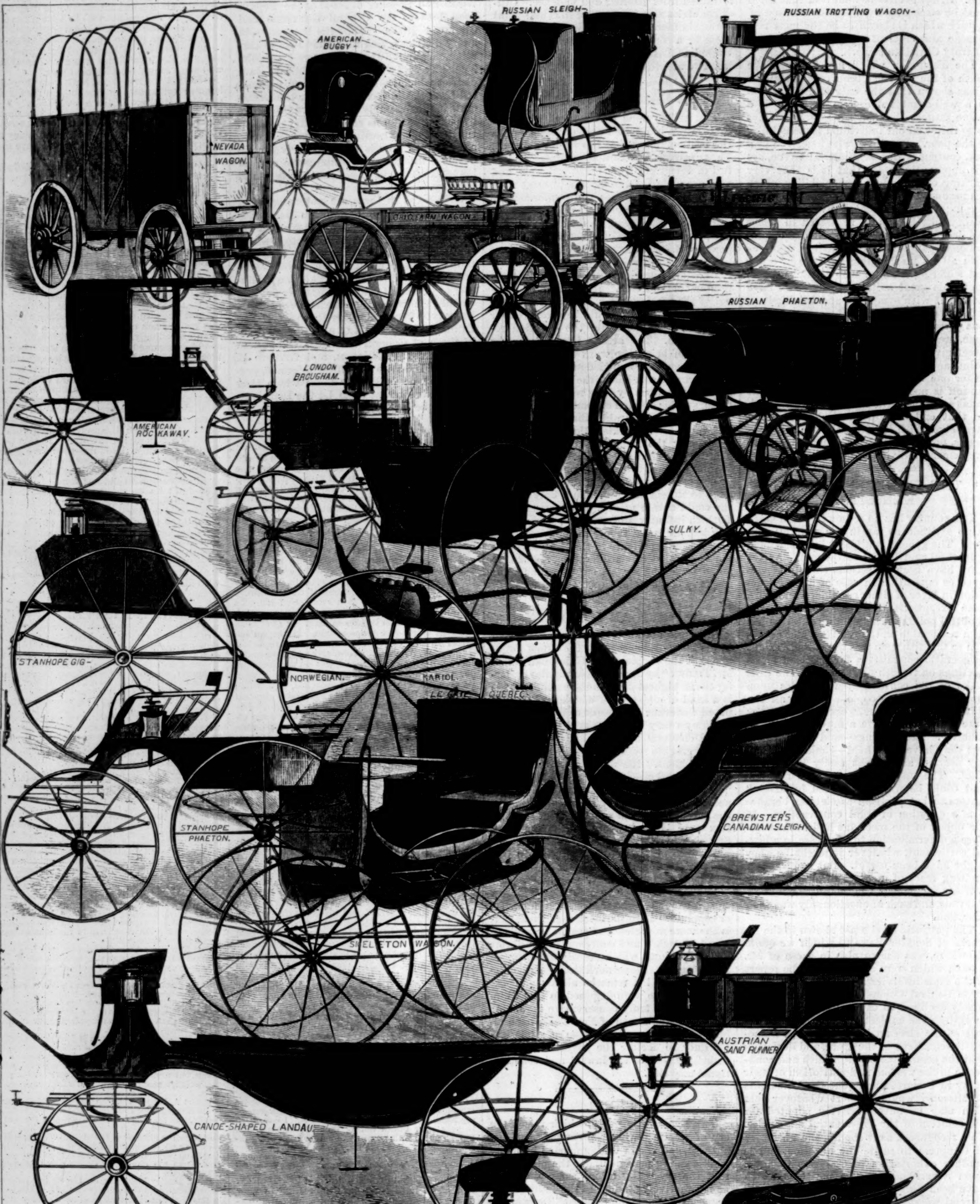
THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has a dispatch from Berlin saying that the Emperor William has issued a special order forbidding German officers on the active list from entering the Russian army. Russian officers are reconnoitring the Lower Danube to find crossing places, and ships are being contracted for to aid in the crossing.

The Shanghai *Courier* states that the Spanish minister has broken off relations with the Chinese government, and a Spanish fleet has been ordered to China. The cause of the rupture is not positively known. Some say the difficulty has grown out of unsettled claims, and others that it is connected with the Cuban cooly question.

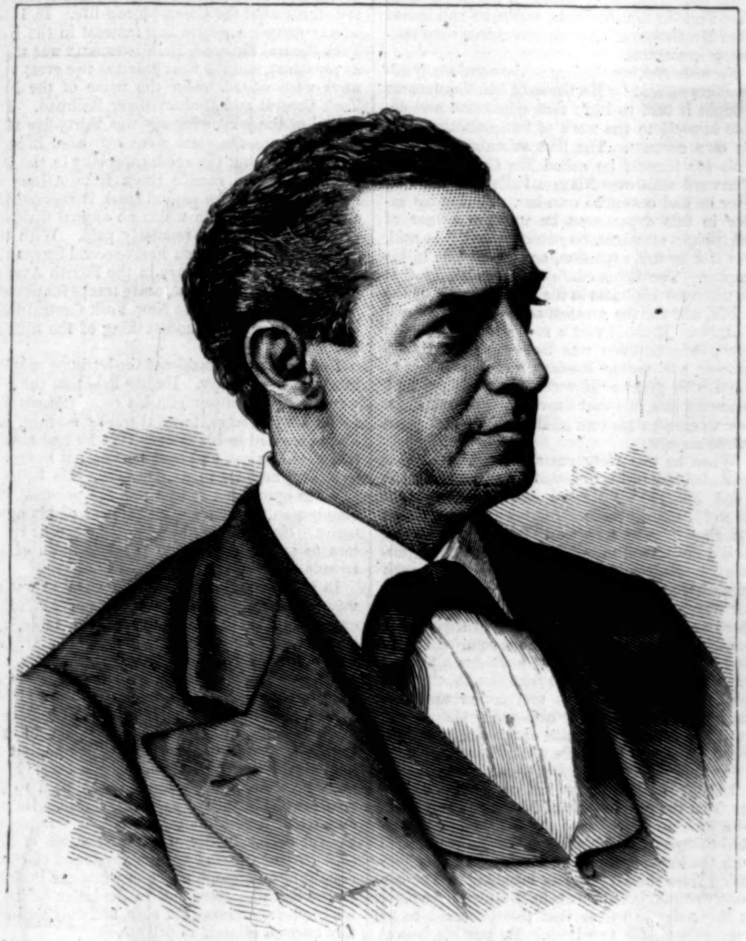
A Reuter dispatch from Madrid announces that an extradition treaty between Spain and the United States has been concluded and signed. The treaty specifies twenty-six offenses for which persons accused may be surrendered, and is the most comprehensive which has yet been entered into by the United States.

Nine men were killed and thirty severely injured by a railroad accident in Denmark.

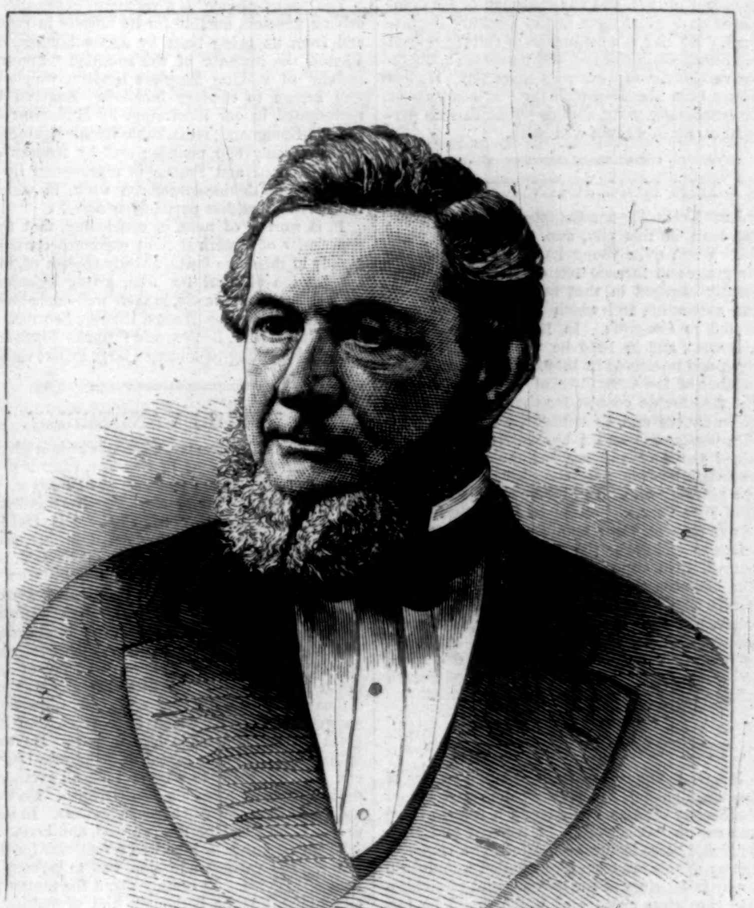
On the 1st, Queen Victoria was proclaimed "Empress of India" at Delhi and throughout the country.


NEVADA WAGON
AMERICAN BUGGY
RUSSIAN SLEIGH
RUSSIAN TROTTING WAGON
OHIO FARM WAGON
RUSSIAN PHAETON.
LONDON BROUGHAM.
AMERICAN ROCKAWAY.
SULKY.
STANHOPE GIG
NORWEGIAN.
KARIOL.
LE CALE
QUEBEC.
STANHOPE PHAETON.
BREWSTER'S CANADIAN SLEIGH
SKELETON WAGON.
AUSTRIAN SAND RUNNER
CANOE-SHAPED LANDAU
SIDE-BAR WAGON.
DOUBLE SUSPENSION VICTORIA.

THE CENTENNIAL—CARRIAGE EXHIBIT.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE ARTICLE, "THE WORLD ON WHEELS," PAGE 46.]



THE HON. S. J. RANDALL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.]



THE HON. LUCIUS ROBINSON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. E. CHURCHILL.]

THE HON. S. J. RANDALL.

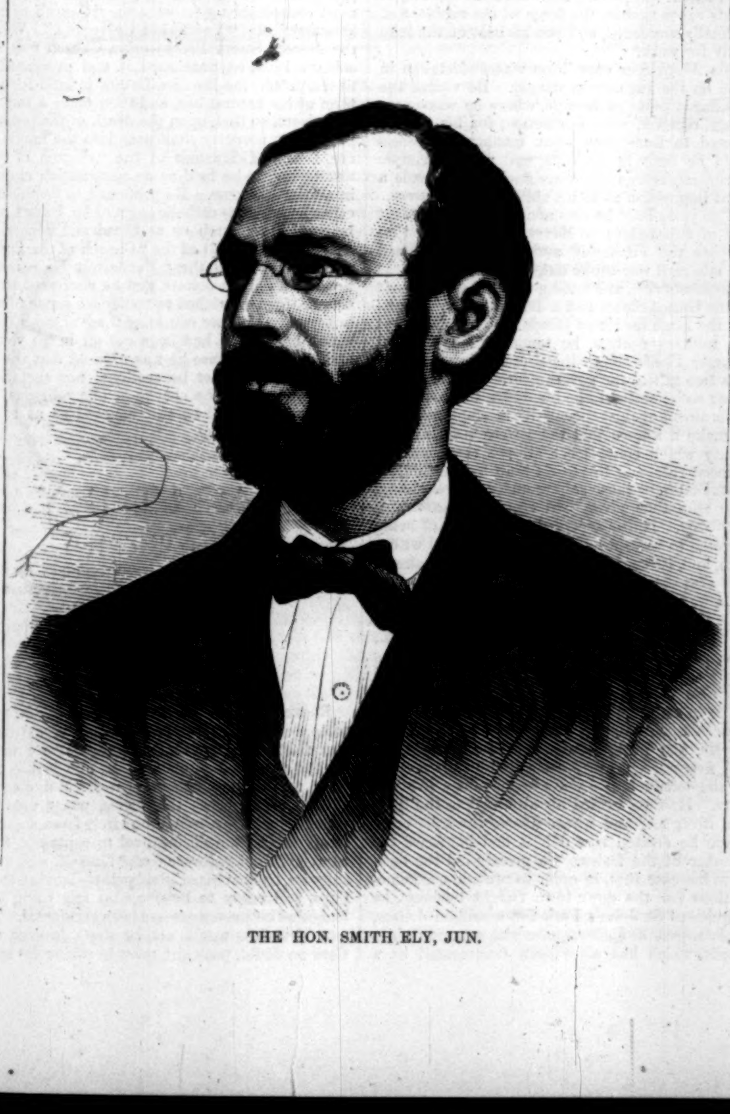
THE Hon. SAMUEL J. RANDALL, Speaker of the House of Representatives, was born in Philadelphia on the 10th of October, 1828. He was educated in that city, and became a merchant. From early manhood he has taken an active part in political affairs. Mr. RANDALL served four years in the Philadelphia City Council, and one term in the State Senate. In 1862, while serving as a private in the First Philadelphia City Cavalry, he was elected a Representative from Pennsylvania to the Thirty-eighth Congress, in which he served on the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds. Mr. RANDALL has been re-elected to each succeeding Congress, and has served on many important committees. He lives plainly in a small house of his own on Capitol Hill.

THE HON. LUCIUS ROBINSON.

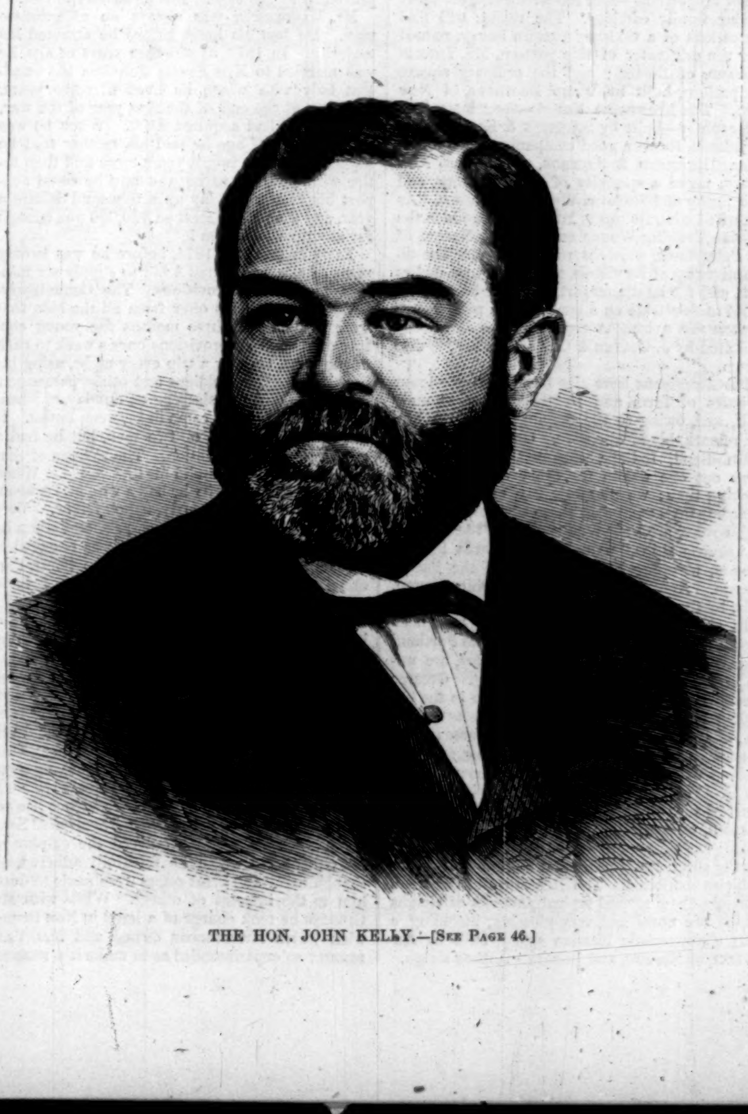
THE newly inaugurated Governor of New York is a lineal descendant of the Rev. JOHN ROBINSON, the first minister of the Puritans in England. His family came into this State from Connecticut, and he was born in Windham, Greene County, November 4, 1810. He was educated at the Delaware Academy, in the village of Delhi, paying his way by teaching school during vacations. Mr. ROBINSON chose the law for his vocation, and was admitted to the bar in 1832. In 1843 he was appointed Master in Chancery by Governor BOUCK, and in 1845 he was re-appointed by Governor SILAS WRIGHT. He left the Democratic ranks when the Republican party was formed, and was elected to the Legislature in 1859. While a member of that body, in 1861, Mr. ROBINSON introduced the famous compromise resolutions, which found no support from other Republican members of any prominence. In the fall of that year, when the Republicans and War Democrats united in the support of one ticket, he was elected Comptroller of the State, and was re-elected by the Republicans in 1863. Two years later he accepted the Democratic nomination for the same position, but was defeated by Mr. THOMAS HILLHOUSE, the Republican candidate. In 1871 and 1872 he served as a member of the Constitutional Commission. He was again nominated by the Democrats for Comptroller of the State in 1875, and was elected by a majority of about 13,000 over General SPINNER, the Republican candidate. Last fall, after Governor SEYMOUR had declined to be a candidate, Mr. ROBINSON was nominated for Governor, and was elected by a large majority.

THE HON. SMITH ELY, JUN.

THE new Mayor of New York, SMITH ELY, Jun., is fifty-one years of age, and comes of good Revolutionary stock, his father having been a soldier in our first national struggle. Although admitted to the bar in 1846, he never devoted himself to its practice, but entered the wholesale leather business, in which he has successfully continued up to the present time. His first public service was as School Trustee in the Seventeenth Ward, in 1856. In 1857 he was elected a member of the State Senate; and from 1860 to 1870 was a member of the old Board of Supervisors, where he was a steady opponent of the plundering schemes forced through the Board by TWEED, to whom for several years he refused to speak. He was next elected to the Forty-third Congress, and



THE HON. SMITH ELY, JUN.



THE HON. JOHN KELLY.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

re-elected in 1874, and was chairman of the Committee on Expenditures in the Treasury Department. Mr. **Ely** is a gentleman of culture, refined and courteous in manner, and possesses administrative abilities of a superior character. He has always been identified with the best elements of the Democratic party, and his public like his personal career is without a blemish.

THE HON. JOHN KELLY.

John Kelly, the new Comptroller of New York, was born in this city, and is fifty-three years old. When quite young he was apprenticed to the grate and furnace setting trade, and subsequently engaged in that business, in which he was successful, and which he carried on until elected to Congress. In 1853 he was elected Alderman, and in 1854 he was elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1856. He was an active member of the Committee of Ways and Means. The memorable contest for the Speakership between **Banks** and **Richardson**, which continued nine weeks, was ended by Mr. **Kelly**, who obtained the floor and secured the passage of a resolution providing for the election of Speaker by a plurality vote. In 1858 he was elected Sheriff of New York, and re-elected in 1864. In 1872 he was requested by a number of prominent Democrats to undertake the reorganization of Tammany Hall in opposition to the Ring, and since then has been the recognized leader of his party in this city. Mr. **Kelly** is very domestic in his habits, possesses considerable humor, is a strict temperance man, and never smokes. Although he received simply a common-school education, he has always been a student; is a good French scholar, and well read in general literature.

THE WORLD ON WHEELS.

Mr. **G. A. Thrupp**, an eminent coach-builder of London, England, has recently delivered before the Society of Arts in that city a series of five lectures on "Coach-Making, Ancient and Modern," and these lectures indicate that a complete history of this art from its inception would form a very fair history of the development of civilization, the latest chapter of which would be furnished by the display of carriages at the Centennial Exhibition, from which were selected the twenty specimens illustrated on page 44. The Exhibition included 487 examples of carriages, business, farm, and freight wagons, sleighs, hearses, cars, baby carriages, and velocipedes, scattered through several buildings. Eleven countries were represented, namely, the United States, England, France, Canada, Austria, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Italy, and Australia, and a larger or better display had never before been made.

Up to the year 1865 the superiority of English and French carriages was generally acknowledged, but since then the United States has taken a stride, and placed itself in the foremost rank. It is true that our home manufacturers deserve less credit for originating than for adapting foreign styles to our special needs; the Brougham, Victoria, Dog-cart, Break, and Four-in-hand Drag were first introduced by the English; the Vis-à-vis, Parisian Phaeton, and Cabriolet by the French; and the Landau owes its name to the small Austrian town where it was first built. But we have in America developed three new and typical models, namely, the Buggy and Sulky—the result of our love of fast driving—and the Rockaway, our most popular family carriage. The reader will find illustrations of a Goddard pattern buggy, named after the originator of this pattern, Mr. **Thomas Goddard**, of Boston; and the ordinary square box pattern, built by **Wood Brothers**, of New York. The Norwegian Kariol—the "buggy" of that country—built by **Sorensen & Kloostad**, of Christiania, forms a good companion-piece to the latter. **Hetfield & Jackson**, of Rahway, New Jersey, make a specialty of trotting work, and their Sulky and Skeleton Wagon are shown. As a marked contrast to the latter, we introduce the Russian Trotting Wagon exhibited by **Nellis**, of St. Petersburg, which is remarkable for the diminutiveness of its wheels, ten and sixteen inches high, and for its discomfort, the rider being compelled to sit astride on a board which rests directly upon the axles. A representative Rockaway exhibited by **J. Colyer & Co.**, of Newark, is also shown.

The Americans have also developed many new varieties of farm and freight wagons, strongly built, and, owing to the employment of machinery, remarkably inexpensive. One large house in South Bend, Indiana (**Studebaker Brothers**), turns out one wagon for every ten minutes of working time; we illustrate two examples from this company's exhibit, of the general styles which, with covers, are known as "ships of the plains," or "prairie ships," namely, the Nevada Freight Wagon, weighing 4800 pounds, and the Pacific Wagon. Another specimen is the Ohio Wagon, built by the Milburn Wagon Company.

In sleigh-building the Americans have also shown commendable enterprise, and the Portland and Albany patterns, now the favorites, are unsurpassed for lightness and comfort. Greater elegance of outline and finish is shown in the Canadian pattern sleigh exhibited by **Brewster & Co.**, of Broome Street, which offers a noteworthy illustration of the fact that in painting and varnishing our American builders are now without equal. Ten years ago all our best vehicles were finished with English varnish, but the **Valentine** varnish, of American make, has now taken its place; and the superiority of the latter was shown by the sleigh last named, and by numerous other vehicles exhibited. The Russian and Canadian builders show several typical patterns of sleighs which are novel and very pleasing, including a very characteristic Russian sleigh, built by **Arbatski**, of Moscow, and **Legail**'s Quebec sleigh.

The "Sand-runner" is a variety of gentleman's driving phaeton, notable for its novelty in style, and from its being built by **Jacob Lohner**, of Vienna, the inventor of the so-called "**Lohner** system" of making fire-glass landaus, which is well known to carriage-builders. England is represented in our illustration by **M'Naught & Smith**'s Brougham), remarkable for its lightness, weighing only 860 pounds; and by **Hooper & Co.**'s Landau; and France is represented by a specimen of double-suspension work, in which the Parisian builders particularly excel.

It is worthy of note, in concluding, that the superiority of American-built carriages consists mainly in their fine finish, already spoken of, the substitution of steel for iron, giving lightness with strength, and lastly, in their well-made hickory wheels, for which Messrs. **Hoopes, Brother, & Darlington, S. N. Brown**, and **Phineas Jones** are already beginning to develop a large export trade.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, whose portrait is given on our first page, died in this city, after a protracted illness, on the morning of January 4, in the eighty-third year of his age. He was born on Staten Island, May 27, 1794. His father, whose name he bore, was a small farmer, selling the products of his garden in New York. It is seldom very important to inquire who a man's father is, the mother being almost universally the shaper of character. Mrs. **Vanderbilt** was a woman of extraordinary intellectual and moral force. The reverence which her great son expressed for her down to the day of his death is evidence of the fact that she was no ordinary person. In very early life **Cornelius** showed those traits which have given him his great success and made him famous. He was willing to work to the extent of his physical powers. He was ready to seize and use all available devices to supplement his own strength. He was unfalteringly faithful to his engagements. In other words, he was laborious, shrewd, and honest.

From his father he inherited a fondness for the water. His earliest ambition was to possess a boat of his own. In casting about for means to accomplish this, he bethought him of making a proposition to his mother to plow, harrow, and plant an eight-acre lot for $100. As she was compelled to pay for the work, this wise and energetic woman was not long in concluding a bargain with her son, whose independence she admired and fostered, and who was then not quite sixteen years of age. The undertaking was too much for his unaided strength, but he succeeded by gaining the help of his school-fellows, with whom he was a favorite. The grand old mother rejoiced to pay her boy the $100 stipulated. With this he bought his first boat, and commenced running regularly to New York, carrying garden truck, and passengers when there were any. To his mother all the proceeds of his day trips went, as well as one-half of what he earned at night.

This was the beginning of his career. He was frugal, temperate, watchful, industrious, and persevering. When he was eighteen years of age, the war with Great Britain occurred. His prowess was shown in going from Staten Island to New York and bringing re-enforcements to Fort Richmond, which was beleaguered, on so stormy a night that he told his passengers that he should carry them partly under water, which, indeed, proved to be the case. But he saved the fort.

Mr. **Vanderbilt** was always an affectionate man. He lost his heart before he attained his majority. In 1813, at nineteen years of age, he was married to Miss **Sophia Johnson**, the excellent lady with whom he lived fifty-five years. This was at the end of the first year of the war, in which he had acquired $500. When he was twenty years of age he told his mother that he intended to work twenty years more and then retire with $20,000, as he was sure he could support his family and lay up a thousand dollars a year, and that the interest on $20,000 was enough for any man to live on!

Early in the year 1814, before he was twenty years of age, he entered a bid to supply six military posts with provisions. The Commissary-General selected his offer from all the bids that were made. For three months the young contractor carried his provisions once a week to each of the forts, making a trip every night, using his boat for ferrying soldiers and other passengers during the day, and sleeping on Sunday, or whenever a few moments came in between duties. It was doing the work of two men, but he had a great physical constitution. The savings of that year enabled him to build his first vessel. When he came to his majority he had a wife and schooner, and was a brave, hearty, happy fellow. Very rapidly he added two other vessels, and when he was twenty-four years of age he was engaged in a coasting trade with North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, being the owner of three stanch vessels and $9000 in money.

From early life Mr. **Vanderbilt** valued what he had attained as a stepping-stone to something higher. From coasting schooners he ascended to steamboats. He was thirteen years of age when **Fulton**'s first boat was finished. He was twenty-one years old when the monopoly of river navigation by steamboats was dissolved by the death of Chancellor **Livingston**, **Fulton**'s partner. Others then entered the field, prominent among them the **Stevenses**, of Hoboken, and **Thomas Gibbons**, of Madison, New Jersey, whose residence has recently become the seat of Drew Theological Seminary. Mr. **Vanderbilt** entered the employ of Mr. **Gibbons**, to whom he faithfully adhered, although many and great offers were made to draw him to the interest of others. While with Mr. **Gibbons** he took charge of a hotel in New Brunswick which Mr. **Gibbons** owned, and Mrs. **Vanderbilt** so superintended as to make it a success, while Mr. **Vanderbilt** managed the ferry from New York to Elizabethport, which he had leased from Mr. **Gibbons**. All these ventures were eminently successful.

Notwithstanding the large salary and many advantages offered by Mr. **Gibbons**, Mr. **Vanderbilt** thought it best to leave that gentleman and devote himself to the work of "steamboating" on his own account. The first steamboat he ever built for himself he called *The Caroline*, which afterward went over Niagara Falls and was lost, after he had ceased to own her. During his career in this department he was the owner of thirty-eight steamers, no one of which, it is said, was lost by fire, explosion, or wreck while in his employ. The Commodore always claimed that he managed his boats in the best interests of the public, and for the greatest advantage of general business. He held that a man's own success in any public business was best promoted by advancing the public interest, and that no man could with great skill serve the public without becoming rich, and that a man who does not know how to care for his own affairs can not be a great public servant.

When he was forty years of age, his mother reminded him of his proposal to retire at that age worth $20,000. "My son, don't you own that much?" was the mother's inquiry. The son told her that he was then worth $400,000, but that he did not intend to retire; that when he so proposed, he had no idea that he should develop such an ability to make money; that he was just under way, and his children were growing up; that there was to be a large family, established in many branches; and that to them, to the public, and to God he believed he owed it to work much longer; but that he did not intend that she should ever work again. To all this the mother assented. She was the object of his care and tenderest love until she departed this life, at the age of eighty-seven. Through his whole life he has never been able to speak of her without deep emotion.

In 1851 Mr. **Vanderbilt**, having obtained a charter from the government of Nicaragua, established a line in opposition to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which at that time, in connection with the Panama Railroad, monopolized transportation from the East to San Francisco. The discovery of gold in California had raised such a fever in the Atlantic States that there seemed to be work enough for two lines. He put his fare at half the rate of the old line, and made money out of the venture. It was during these operations that he performed a feat which has been described as characteristic of the man. In order to achieve supremacy on this route, he determined to place a steamer on Lake Nicaragua, the approach to which is by the San Juan River, on which, about twelve miles from the lake, are the Castillo Rapids. All freight and passengers had been carried from the coast eighty miles up the river to the rapids. The boats were then taken up the rapids by sheer force. The utmost exertions of all the men that a small boat could carry without any freight were required to pull that boat up the rapids, and it employed three hours. These were the rapids over which Mr. **Vanderbilt** proposed to take the steamboat *Central America*, 150 feet long; and he succeeded. By taking the river at the fullest water, and arranging a series of cables, he warped the boat over the dangerous spot. The cables were the size of a man's thigh, and yet it was stated that when the full strain was put upon them they were stretched until they were as small as the ordinary wrist. It was a great peril. Mr. **Vanderbilt** was placing his brain and the strength of his ropes against the force of the rapids, and he finally succeeded, and put his boat on the lake ready for work.

His *North Star* expedition was undertaken in 1853 on the steamer so named. He visited the prominent ports of Europe, where he was every where received with distinction, for his voyage showed to Europeans what manner of vessels could be built in America, and what a simple republican citizen could accomplish. It made a great impression as to his ability and resources.

Two years later he commenced an independent line of steam-ships to Havre, and built for that purpose the *Vanderbilt* and the *Ariel*. When the late civil war broke out, Mr. **Vanderbilt** was enormously rich, and finding that the government of the United States had a difficulty in transporting the large bodies of troops which gathered at the military centres, he tendered his splendid steamer *Vanderbilt* to the Secretary of the Navy as a free gift to the government. His reason for doing so he stated to be his desire to protect the government against speculative attempts, and also to make it known that there were vessels of capacity which could meet all the requirements, without resorting to vessels built by the Confederate States, or those sailing under a foreign flag. The ship thus given had cost Mr. **Vanderbilt** $800,000. It was accepted, but instead of being devoted to transportation it was provided with a ram, and, its engines protected by cotton bales, it was sent out to hunt the *Alabama*.

It was during the civil war that Mr. **Vanderbilt** turned himself from steam-ship enterprises to that which has occupied him ever since, viz., the prosecution of great railway operations. As early as 1857 he had begun to own property in the New York and Harlem Railroad. It seemed to be in an almost collapsed condition. He advanced large sums of money, and helped it otherwise, and in 1863 was chosen its president. His first purchase of stock cost him three cents on the dollar; in five years he made it worth seventy. He then turned his attention to the Hudson River Railroad, whose double track he built, while he erected new dépôts and increased the number of the trains. So greatly did the business increase that, in order to provide accommodations for the down-town freight business, he purchased St. John's Park for a million dollars, and covered the entire square with a grand freight dépôt, which has since been ornamented by a bronze bass-relief, designed by Captain **Degroot**, and illustrating the Commodore's life. In 1868, having gained a controlling interest in the New York Central Railroad, Mr. **Vanderbilt** was made its president, and the next year the two great railways were united, under the name of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. The capital of the joint company was thirty-five millions, but immense sums were expended in refitting and running the road, especially in the laying of a second double track from Albany to Buffalo; so that the capital stock is represented at ninety millions, on which an annual dividend of eight per cent. is regularly paid. With the Grand Central Dépôt on Forty-second Street, the vast structure of masonry in the Fourth Avenue improvements, and the separate tracks for passengers and for freight, the New York Central Railroad is the grandest undertaking of the kind in the world.

He has always considered the business requirements of the country. He has held that the best way for a man to promote his own interests was to be a wise, large, faithful public servant, and he maintained to his friends that he had always had that in view, and that he was not governed by selfish motives in what he did. He believes that the opposition to him was not personal, but simply sprung from the selfishness of his opponents. He never would permit the public interests to suffer in order to promote those of his friends or any one else.

In his personal habits Mr. **Vanderbilt** was always careful and abstemious. He never indulged excessively in the pleasures of the table, and scarcely took a pint of wine in a whole year. He was notorious for his fondness for horses, and while exactingly economical in his domestic arrangements, so that his house was always plainly furnished—and he had no pleasure in equipage—when it came to horses, he determined to have the best. Price was nothing with him, but no man on the continent should have a better horse than he. As much attention was paid to the comfort of his stables as of his house. He was apparently a reckless driver, but he was always careful of his horses, whatever became of himself. At one period he was very fond of cards, delighting in a game of whist when the business of the day was over; but in the latter period of his life he abandoned the club, and only occasionally amused himself in private.

Mr. **Vanderbilt** had four sons and nine daughters. His oldest son, **William H. Vanderbilt**, having been his right-hand man for several years, and vice-president of the railroad, has succeeded to the position of bearing the burden of these great undertakings.

In 1869 the Commodore married a second time. His selection was Miss Crawford, of Mobile, Alabama, a woman whose personal and intellectual endowments fitted her to be the wife of so great a man.

Mr. **Vanderbilt** was never much of a churchman. Indeed, until his acquaintance with the Rev. Dr. **Deems**, he had very seldom gone to church; but he never was skeptical. No clergyman could have a more steadfast faith in the Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures than Mr. **Vanderbilt** at every period of his life. But more and more during the last seven years he has turned his thoughts to the subject of personal religion. He was led to a simple spiritual faith in Jesus Christ as his Saviour—a faith which he did not hesitate to declare.

His charities were mostly private, as he had great horror of encouraging pauperism. His two most conspicuous gifts were the "Church of the Strangers" and "Vanderbilt University." When the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church was for sale, in 1869, he purchased it, and presented it to the pastor, the Rev. Dr. **Deems**, to hold for the term of his natural life, and then made a second settlement, so that, upon the death of the present pastor, the property shall pass into the hands of the Board of Trustees of the "Church of the Strangers," to be held as an unsectarian church in all time to come. He professed to do this because he liked the catholic spirit of Dr. **Deems**, and believed in a church on as broad and Scriptural a foundation as that of the "Church of the Strangers." To found the "Vanderbilt University" he gave a million dollars, and he professed to do this because he wished to testify his sense of the importance of those educational advantages from which he himself had been cut off in his youth, and, further, because he was assured that the institution should not be sectional nor sectarian, and while under the charge of one religious denomination, should be administered so as to be useful to all.

CARITÀ.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A VISIT TO AGNES.

Roger had not renewed his visit to Cara for some weeks. He had been too much cast down and discouraged by that first Sunday for which he had prepared so elaborately, and looked forward to with so much eagerness. But discouragement, like every thing else, wears out, and when he had gone round the circle from anger to disapproval, from disapproval to contempt, from contempt to pity, Roger found himself, with some surprise, back at his original point—longing to see Cara, and ready to believe that any thing that had come between them had been accidental. The two Merediths would not be there forever, and Cara no doubt, poor girl, must be pining for some one from her old home, and would be glad to see him, and hear all that every body was doing. He was sorry he had said a word to his mother about what had happened in the Square; indeed, he had done nothing but regret ever since the indiscretion which tempted him to complain; for Mrs. Burchell was one of those inconvenient persons who never forget the indignant criticisms of injured feeling, but certain to repeat and harp upon it long after that feeling was sunk into oblivion or changed into contempt. Very soon the softening influences of his early love, and the longing he had after the object of it, made Roger forgive Cara all her imagined sins against him; but his mother would not forget that he had been slighted, and punished his betrayal of his wound by incessant reference to the evils in the Square. This of itself helped on his recovery, since to find fault yourself with those to whom you are attached is a very different thing from hearing them assailed by others. The process ended by a serious quarrel with Mrs. Burchell, who would not give up this favorite subject, and taunted her son with his want of proper pride, and inclination to put up with any thing, when she heard of his intention to go back. "If I had been so treated any where, I would never go near them again. I would not invite people to trample upon me," cried the rector's wife. "I might forgive, but I should never forget." "My dear," the rector had said, "Roger has himself to look to; we are not able to do very much for him, and Cara will be a kind of heiress. I should not mind any trifle of that sort, if he has serious views." "What do you call serious views?" cried Roger, ashamed and wretched, and he plunged out of the house without waiting for an answer, and betook himself to those wintry woods of which Agnes was thinking at the "House," and which even in winter were sweet. Roger had no sordid, which was what his father meant by "serious," views, and though he was well enough satisfied with his daily work, and not, like Agnes, troubled by any ideal, yet he felt, like his sister, the wretched wrench of existence into misery and meanness, between his mother's prolonged and exaggerated resentment and his father's serious worldliness. That boyish love of his was the highest thing in the young man's mind. If nothing else that was visionary existed in his nature, his semi-adoration of Cara, which had lasted as long as he could recollect, was visionary—a touch of poetry amidst his prose—and to hear it opposed or to hear it sordidly encouraged alike shocked and revolted him. He resolved never to mention Cara's name again, nor to make any reference to the Square; to shut up his sentiments about her in his own bosom, whether these were sentiments of admiration or of offense. Supposing she was cold to him—and it would be very natural that she should be cold, as he had never gone back to her, nor visited her but once—he would bear it and make no sign; never would he subject her name to comments such as these. Fathers and mothers do badly by their children when they force them to such a resolution. Roger kept his word all through the weary Sunday, and did not say even that he would not return home for the next, but he made his arrangements all the same.

When the next Sunday came the heart of the aunt at Notting Hill was once more gladdened by the sight of him, and in the afternoon he duly set out for the Square. Perhaps his dress was not so elaborate nor his neck-tie so remarkable. He had sworn to himself that he would form no special expectations and make no grand preparations; and on the whole he was happier on his second visit. Miss Cherry, whom he found at the Square, was very glad to see him, and Mr. Beresford spoke to him kindly enough, and Cara was sweet and friendly. But they treated his visit as a call only; they did not ask him to dinner, which was a disappointment. They offered him a cup of tea, which Roger did not care for, being scarcely fashionable enough to like five-o'clock tea, and let him go when they went to dinner, return forlorn, turning him out, as it were, upon the streets full of people. To be sure, Roger had his aunt at Notting Hill, who was very glad to see him, who would give him supper and make him very comfortable. Still, as he had hoped, perhaps, to be asked to stay, to spend the evening with Cara, it gave him a very forlorn sensation when they bade him cheerfully good-by at the sound of the dinner-bell. He went out into the evening streets, where many people were going to church, and many coming back from their afternoon walk, going home to their families in twos and threes. Scarcely any one seemed to be alone but himself. Still, he said to himself, he had no right to grumble, for they had been kind, and next Sunday he would go again; and with this melancholy yet courageous resolution he made a little pause at the corner of the street, asking himself where he should go. His aunt would have taken tea and gone to evening church before he could get to Notting Hill. So he changed his direction, and went manfully the other way to the "House" to visit his sister, urging his disappointment down. Why should they have asked him to dinner? Besides, he did not go for dinner, which would have been unnecessary, but for Cara, and he had seen Cara, without those Merediths thrusting themselves into his way; and she had been very kind, and Miss Cherry had been kind, and there was no reason why he should not go again next Sunday afternoon. So why should he be discouraged? There was Agnes, whom he had not seen since she had gone into this "House," as they called it. It was only right that a man should go and look after his own sister, even if he did not approve of her. So Roger employed his undesired hour of leisure in the way of duty, and went to see Agnes, gradually calming himself down out of his disappointment on the way.

He went to the "House" with a secret antagonism against every thing he was likely to see. The very name of the place nettled him. The "House!" as if it was a penitentiary or shelter for the destitute, which *his* sister had been obliged to find refuge in. He was admitted on giving full particulars as to who he was, and ushered into the bare little room, covered with dusty matting, with religious prints of the severest character on the walls, and book-shelves full of school-books. St. Monica was emblazoned on the door of it, which name offended him too. Could not the foolish people call it the brown room, or the matted room, or by any common noun appellative, instead of by the name of a saint whom nobody had ever heard of? Agnes came to him, not in the dress which she wore out-of-doors, but in a simple black gown, fortunately for her, for what avalanche of objections would have tumbled upon her head had she come in to him in her cape and poke-bonnet! He was pleased to see his sister, and pleased by her delight at the sight of him; but yet he could not smooth his brow out of displeasure. It gave him an outlet for the subdued irritation with which he had received his dismissal from the Square.

"Well, Agnes," he said, "so here you are in this papistical place. I had an hour to spare, and I thought I would come and see you."

"I am so glad to see you, Roger. I was just thinking of them all at home."

"At home! You were anxious enough to get away from home. I wish any one knew why. I can't fancy any thing so unnatural as a girl wishing to leave home, except on a visit, or if she is going to be married, or that sort of thing; but to come to a place like this. Agnes, I am sure there is no one belonging to you who knows why."

"Yes," said Agnes, quietly, "because I wanted to do something more—to do some duty in the world, not to be like a vegetable in the garden."

"That is just the slang of the period," said wise Roger. "You can't say there is not plenty to do with all the children to look after, and one never can get a button sewed on now."

"Louisa and Liddy were quite able to do all and more than all; why should there be three of us sewing on buttons? and what were we to come to—nothing but buttons all our lives?"

"Why, I suppose," said Roger, doubtfully, "what do girls ever come to? You would have been married some time."

"And that is such a delightful prospect," cried Agnes, moved to sarcasm. "Oh, Roger, is it such an elevated life to jog along as papa—as we have seen people do, thinking of nothing but how to get through the day, and pay the bills, and have a good dinner when we can, and grumble at our neighbors, the children running wild, and the house getting shabby," said Agnes, unconsciously falling into portraiture, "and talking about the service of God? What is the service of God? Is it just to be comfortable and do what you are obliged to do?"

"Well, I suppose it is not to make yourself uncomfortable," cried Roger, shirking the more serious question. "Though, as for that, if you wished, you could be quite uncomfortable enough at home. What do they mean by calling a room after a woman, S. Monica? and all these crucifixes and things—and that ridiculous dress? I am glad to see you have the sense not to wear it at least."

"I wear it when I go out; it is not ridiculous. One can go where one pleases, that is, whenever one is wanted, in a Sister's dress, and the roughest people always respect it," said Agnes, warmly. "Oh, Roger, why should you be so prejudiced? Do you know what kind of people are here? Poor helpless, friendless children that have got no home, and the Sisters are like mothers to them. Is that no good? What does it matter about the name of the room, if a poor destitute baby is fed and warmed and made happy in it? Children that would starve and beg and rob in the streets, or die—that would be the alternative, if these Sisters in their absurd dresses and their ridiculous ways, that make you so angry, did not step in."

"Well, I suppose they may do some good," said Roger, unwillingly. "You need not get so hot about it, but you might do just as much good with less fuss. And why should you shut yourself up in a penitentiary as if you had done something you were ashamed of? Why should you slave and teach for your living? We are not so poor as that. If the brothers all work," said Roger, with a not unbecoming glow of pride, "there ought always to be plenty for the sisters at home."

"But I must live my life too, as well as my brothers, and do what I can before the night comes," said Agnes, with a little solemnity, "when no man can work."

Roger was subdued by the quotation more than by all her reasons. He could not, as he said to himself, go against Scripture, which certainly did exhort every man to work before the night cometh. Did that mean every woman too?

"The short and the long of it is," he said, half sulky, half melted, "that you were never content at home, Agnes. Are you contented here?"

That was a home question. Agnes shook a little and faltered, avoiding a direct reply.

"You do not look very contented yourself: have you been to see Cara?" she said. "How is she? I have not heard a word of her since I came here."

"Oh, Cara is well enough. She is not like you, setting up for eccentric work. She is quite happy at home. Miss Cherry is there at present, looking after her. It is a handsome house, chock-full of china and things. And I suppose, from all I hear, she has a very jolly life," said Roger, with a certain shade of moroseness creeping over his face; "parties and lots of friends."

"I dare say she does not forget the people she used to like, for all that," said Agnes, more kind than he was, and divining the uncontentment in his face.

"Oh, I don't know. There are some people who never leave her alone, who pretend to be old friends too," said Roger, ruefully. "And they live next door, worse luck; they are always there. Other old friends have no chance beside these Merediths."

"Oh! is their name Meredith?"

"Yes; do you know them? There is one, a palavering fellow, talks twenty to the dozen, and thinks no end of himself—a sneering beggar. I don't mind the other so much; but that Oswald fellow—"

"Oh! is his name Oswald?"

"I believe you know him. Do swells like that come a-visiting here?"

"Oh no," said Agnes, anxiously smoothing down suspicion; "there is a name like that in Sister Mary Jane's list of subscriptions. Oh yes; and the gentleman carried a poor child to the hospital so very kindly. I noticed the name, because—because there is a poet called Oswald, or Owen, or something Meredith. I wondered," said Agnes, faltering, telling the truth but meaning a fib, "whether it could be the same."

"Quite likely," said Roger; "the very kind of fellow that would write poetry and stuff—a sentimental duffer. To tell the truth," he added, with immense seriousness, "I don't like to have little Cara exposed to all his rubbishing talk. She is as simple as a little angel, and believes all that's said to her; and when a fellow like that gets a girl into a corner, and whispers and talks stuff," Roger continued, growing red and wroth—

Agnes did not make any reply. She turned round to examine the school-books with a sudden start—and, oh me! what curious, sudden pang was that, as if an arrow had been suddenly shot at her, which struck right through her heart?

"Cara should not let any one whisper to her in corners," she said at last, with a little sharpness, after her first shock. "She is too young for any thing of that sort; and she is old enough to know better," she added, more sharply still. But Roger did not notice this contradiction. He was too much interested to notice exactly what was said.

"She is too young to be exposed to all that," he said, mournfully. "How is she to find out at seventeen which is false and which is true? There, now, Agnes, see what you might have done, had not you shut yourself up here. Nothing so likely as that Cara would have asked you to go and pay her a visit, and you could have taken care of her. But you know how romantic poor dear Miss Cherry is; and I should not be a bit surprised if that child allowed herself to be taken in, and throw herself away."

And would this be the fault of Agnes, who had shut herself up in the House, and thus precluded all possibility of being chosen as the guardian and companion of Cara? She smiled a little to herself, not without a touch of bitterness; though, indeed, after all, if help to one's neighbor was the chief thing to be considered in life, it was as worthy a work to take care of Cara as to teach the orphans their a b c. This news of Roger's, however, introduced, he did not well know how, a discord in the talk. He fell musing upon the risk to which his little lady was exposed, and she got distracted with other thoughts. She sat beside him in her plain long black gown, every ornament of her girlhood put away from her; her hands, which had been very pretty white hands, loosely clasped on the table before her, and showing some signs of injury. It is only in romances that the hands of women engaged in various household labors retain their beauty all the same. Agnes had now a little of every thing thrown in her way to do, and was required not to be squeamish about the uses she put these pretty hands to; and it could not be denied that they were a little less pretty already. She looked down upon them in her sudden rush of thoughts and perceived this. What did it matter to the young handmaid of the poor whether or not her hands were as pretty as usual? but yet, with an instantaneous comparison, her mind rushed to Cara, who had no necessity to soil her pretty fingers, and of the contrast which might be made between them. What did it matter that it was wicked and wrong of Agnes, self-devoted and aspiring to be God's servant, to feel like this? The wave of nature was too strong for her, and carried her away.

"Well, I must be going," said Roger, with a sigh. "I am glad that I have seen you, and found you—comfortable. There does not seem much here to tempt any one; better still if you like it. I am coming back next Sunday. Aunt Mary is pleased to have me, and they don't seem to care at home whether one goes or stays. I shall probably look in at the Square. Shall I tell Cara about you? She knows you have gone away from home, but not where you are. She might come to see you."

"I don't want any visitors," said Agnes, with a little irritation of feeling, which, with all the rest, was laid up in her mind to be repented of. "We have no time for them, for one thing; and half measures are of little use. If I do not mean to give myself altogether to my work, I had better not have come at all. Do not mention my name to Cara. I don't want to see any one here."

"Well, I suppose you are right," said Roger. "If one does go in for this sort of thing, it is best to do it thoroughly. What is that fearful little cracked kettle of a bell? You that used to be so particular, and disliked the row of the children, and the loud talking, and the bad music, how you put up with all this? You must be changed somehow since you came here."

"I ought to be changed," said Agnes, within her heart. Alas! how little changed she was! how the sharp little bell wore her nerves out, and the rustle of the children preparing for chapel, and the clanging of all the doors! She went with Roger to the gate, which had to be unlocked, to his suppressed derision.

"Have you to be locked in?" the irreverent lad said. "Do they think you would all run away if you had the chance?"

Agnes took no notice of this unkind question. She herself, when she first arrived, had been a little appalled by the big mediæval key, emblem, apparently, of a very tremendous separation from the world; and she would not acknowledge that it meant no more than any innocent latch. When Roger was gone, she had to hasten up stairs to get her poke-bonnet, and rush down again to take her place among her orphans for the evening service in the chapel, which the House took pleasure in calling even-song. She knelt down among the rustling, restless children, while the cracked bell jangled, and a funny little procession of priests and choristers came from the vestry door. They were all the most excellent people in the world, and worthy of reverence in their way; but no procession of theatre vespers was ever more quaintly comic than that which solemnly marched half-way round the homely little chapel of the House, chanting a hymn very much out of tune, and ending in the best of curates—a good man, worthy of any crowning, civic or sacred, who loved the poor, and whom the poor loved, but who loved the ceremonial of these comic-solemn processions almost more than the poor. With a simple, complaisant sense of what he was doing for the Church, this good man passed slowly past the kneeling figure of the young teacher, motionless in her black drapery, with her head bent down upon her hands. No mediæval Pope, in full certainty of conducting the most impressive ceremonial in the world, could have been more sincerely convinced of the solemnizing effect of his progress, or more simply impressed by its spiritual grandeur; and no mediæval nun, in passionate penitence over a broken vow, could have been more utterly bowed down and prostrate than poor Agnes Burchell, guilty of having been beguiled by the pleasant voice and pleasant looks of Oswald Meredith into the dawn of innocent interest in that mundane person—she, who had so short time since offered herself to God's service; she, who had made up her mind that to live an ideal life of high duty and self-sacrifice was better than the poor thing which vulgar minds called happiness. The cracked bell tinkled, and the rude choristers chanted, and all the restless children rustled about her, distracting her nerves and her attention. All this outside of devotion, she said to herself, and a heart distracted with vulgar vanities within. Was this the ideal to which she had vowed herself—the dream of a higher life? The children pulled at her black cloak in consternation, and whispered, "Teacher, teacher!" when the service began, and she had to stumble up to her feet, and try to keep them somewhere near the time in their singing. But her mind was too disturbed to follow the hymn, which was a very ecstatic one about the joys of paradise. Oh, wicked, wicked Agnes! what was she doing, she asked herself—a wolf in sheep's clothing amidst this angelic band?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FARMER entered a Detroit restaurant with his hat on the back of his head and a joyful look in his eyes. Flinging his hat on the floor, he exclaimed, "Whoop! Sold my wool, and now I want a tiptop dinner!" He was invited to sit down at a table, handed a bill of fare, and asked to name his dishes. "I want chicken, turkey, oysters, fish, quail, snipe, pie, cake, soup, wine—bring on the best you've got in the shanty!" he observed, as he pushed the bill away. The waiter hurried out, and the farmer produced his wallet and counted his money. His face grew serious after a few moments, as he began to realize that luxuries cost money, and in another minute he pounded upon the table, and called out, "I want to see that waiter!" The waiter entered, and the farmer continued, "You hold on a little. You may scratch out that other order, and bring me in some meat and 'taters and bread. I've sold my wool, as I said before; but I just happened to think that the corn crop may bust on me—and where'd quail on toast be then? So bring along the meat and 'taters."

A gentleman said, when a pretty girl trod on his toes, that he had received the stamp of beauty.

The following example might be useful to an interrogator in a "pronouncing bee," but whether it would be equally acceptable to the candidates is quite another thing:

"While hewing yews Hugh lost his ewe,
And put it in the *Hue and Cry*.
To name it's face's dusky hues
Was all the effort he could use.
You brought the ewe back by-and-by,
And only begged the hewer's ewer,
Your hands to wash in water pure.
Lest nice-nosed ladies, not a few,
Should cry, on coming near you, 'Ugh?'"

THE MULE.—Josh Billings says: "The mewl is a larger burd than a guse or turkey. It has two legs to walk with, and two more to kick with, and it wears its wings on the side of its hed."

SCENE IN A RECITATION-ROOM.

PROFESSOR. "The ancient Egyptians were in the habit of sacrificing red-headed girls to the devil."

AUBURN-HAIRED STUDENT. "What did they do with the red-headed boys?"

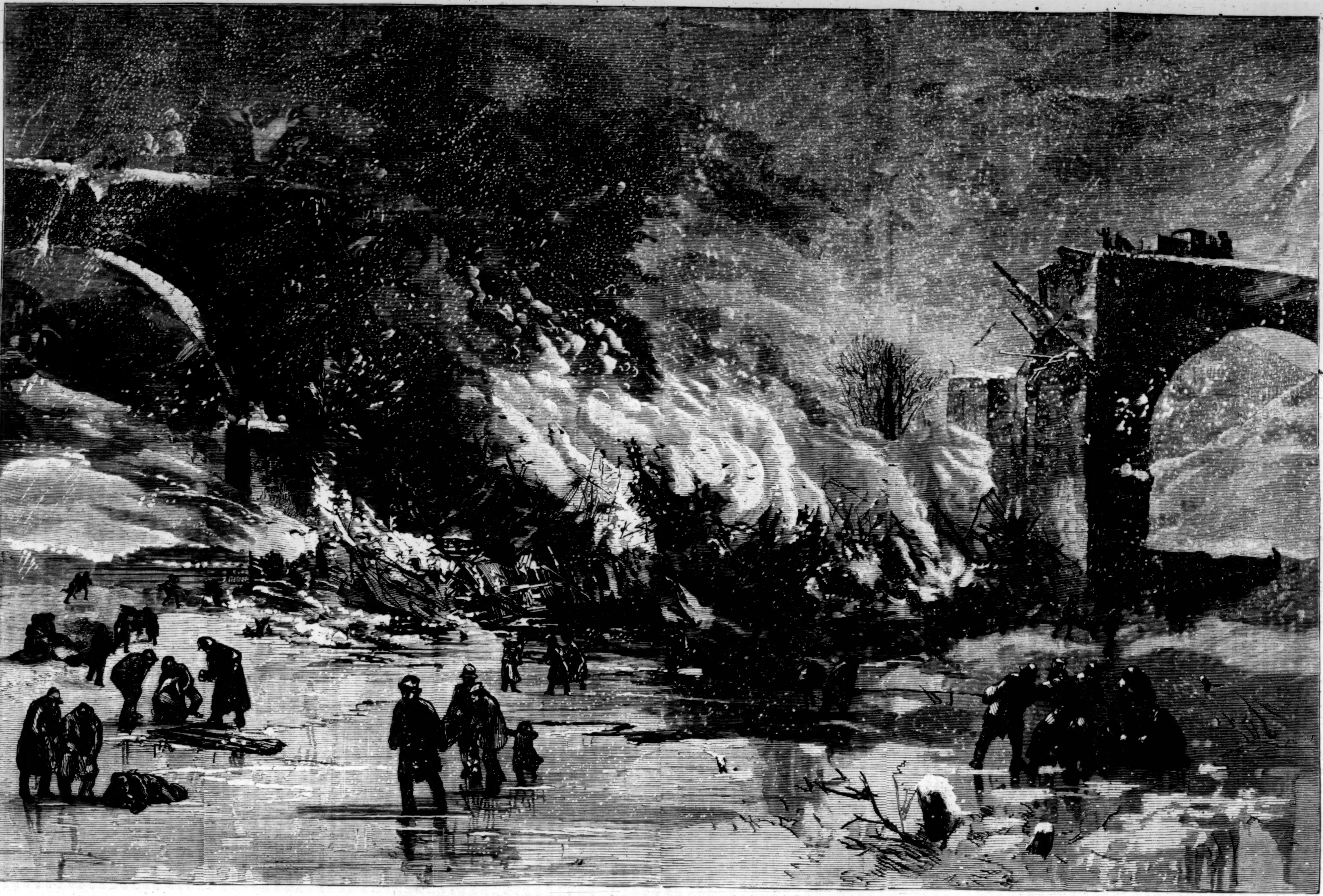
PROFESSOR. "They supposed they would go of their own accord."

While he was sitting on the wood-box and chewing the bitter end of reflection, a man with a brass watch chain and a three-dollar set of glass diamonds entered the car, and six of the women lifted their sachels down and moved close up to the side of the car. Such things are not right, but they always will be done.

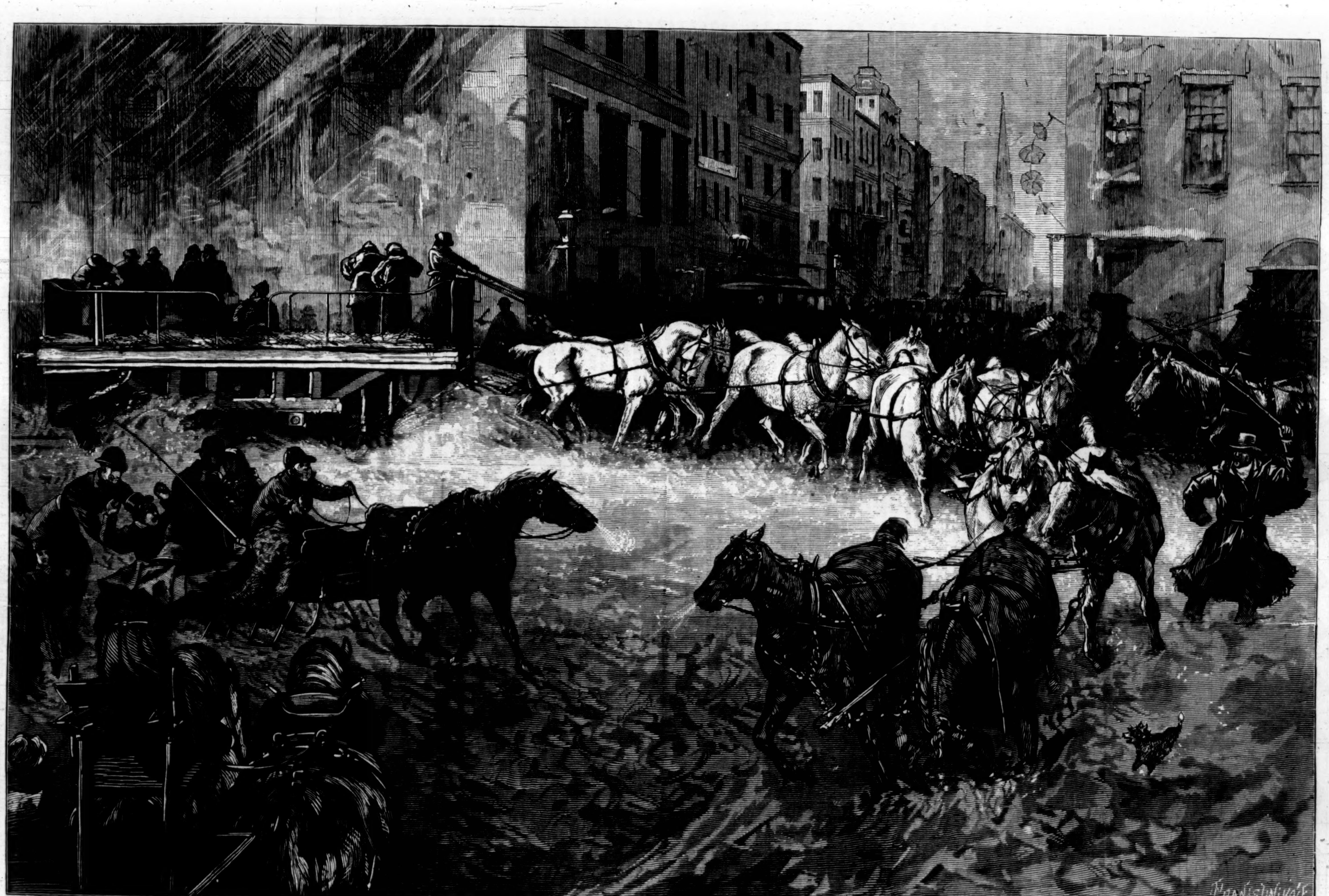
A recent marriage notice ends with the singular expression, probably added by a waggish friend: "May their future troubles be *little ones!*"

"Which is the largest gland?" asked a Chicago medical professor of the newest arrival in his class, the other day. The student buried himself in deep and attentive thought for a moment, and then, brightening up suddenly, exclaimed, "The largest gland, Sir, is England." Then the professor kindly led the youth aside, and pathetically advised him to think no more of medicine, but to join a minstrel show or enter the army.

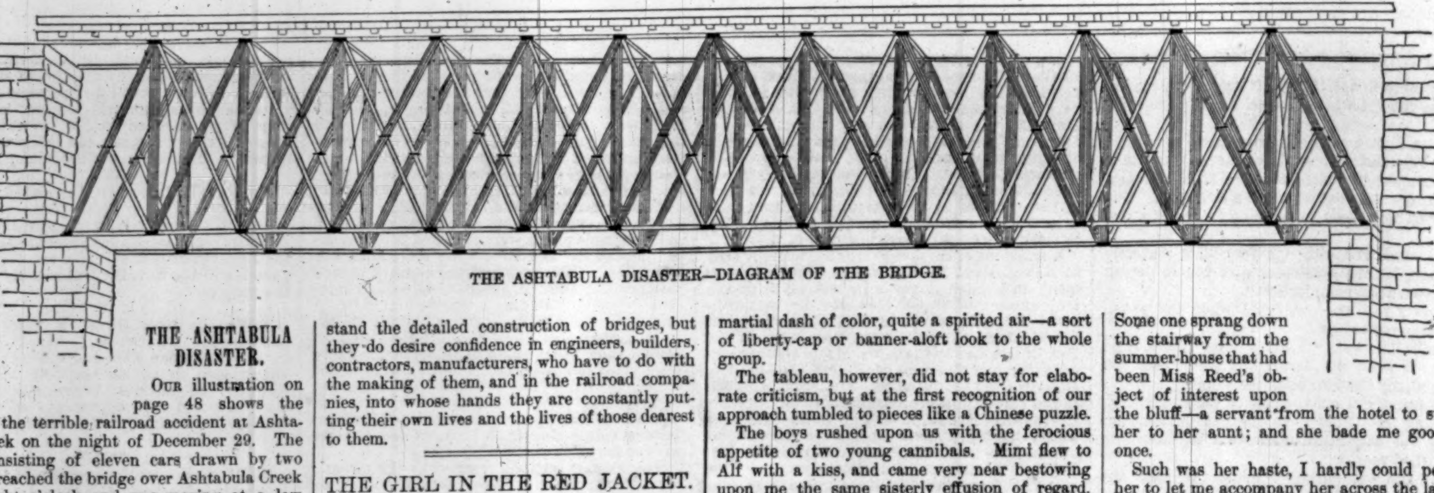
HOW IT'S DONE.—"Jake, whar you git such fine 'broidered shirts as dat you had on at de meetin' las' night?" asked Pete, as Jake stood at the village post-office door, trying to stick a bent brass pin in the back of his paper collar, and fasten that article in position. "You doesn't 'pear to 'preshiate my circumstances, Pete." "I knows dat you ain't yearned nuff money ter buy de buttons on dat shirt sence I know'd ye—I 'preshiates dat," rejoined Pete. "You's off de track, Pete, and dar you'll stay till your mudder gits ter be a washer-woman. You hear dat?"



THE ASHTABULA DISASTER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS S. SWEENY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 50.]


PRANISHNIKOFF.

IN THE SNOW—CLEARING THE STREET RAILWAY TRACKS IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by I. P. Pranishnikoff.—[See Page 54.]



THE ASHTABULA DISASTER—DIAGRAM OF THE BRIDGE.

THE ASHTABULA DISASTER.

OUR illustration on page 48 shows the scene of the terrible railroad accident at Ashtabula Creek on the night of December 29. The train, consisting of eleven cars drawn by two engines, reached the bridge over Ashtabula Creek about eight o'clock, and was moving at a low rate of speed. The engines had crossed in safety, when the bridge, without warning, gave way, and the whole train, with the exception of the leading engine, the couplings of which broke, was precipitated into the ravine, a distance of seventy-five feet. The banks are steep, and the furious snow-storm that had been raging for several hours rendered it difficult for those who hastened to the scene of the disaster to reach the wreck. To add to the horror of the situation, the cars took fire from the stoves, and many passengers who were not killed outright by the fall were burned to death. Imprisoned by heavy fragments of the broken cars, or unable to move on account of injuries, men, women, and children met death in this agonizing form. Some, it is supposed, were drowned.

Help arrived early from Ashtabula village, but nothing could then be done to save life, except to remove the wounded, who had already been taken from the cars, to places where they could have surgical attention. The heat from the burning wreck was intense, and in the confusion of the moment the means which might have been used to extinguish the flames were not thought of until too late. At the water-works, within 150 yards of the burning cars, lay 500 feet of hose, the coupling of which exactly fitted a plug within pistol-shot of the fire, the plug being connected with a powerful pumping apparatus, and there being sixty pounds of steam in the pump boiler. The hose could have been pouring a stream on the fire within five minutes but for somebody's fault or stupidity.

A survivor of the disaster, Mr. BURCHELL, of Chicago, describes the scene in vivid colors: "The first thing I heard was a cracking in the front part of the car, and then the same cracking in the rear. Then came another cracking in the front louder than the first, and then came a sickening oscillation and a sudden sinking, and I was thrown stunned from my seat. I heard the cracking and splintering and smashing around me. The iron-work bent and twisted like snakes, and every thing took horrid shapes. I heard a lady scream in anguish, 'Oh! help me!' Then I heard the cry of fire. Some one broke a window, and I pushed the lady out who had screamed. I think her name was Miss BINGHAM. The train lay in the valley in the water, our car a little on its side, both ends broken in. The rest of the train lay in every direction, some on end, some on the side, crushed and broken. . . . The snow in the valley was nearly to my waist, and I could only move with difficulty. The wreck was then on fire. The wind was blowing from the east, and whirling blinding masses of snow over the terrible ruin. The crackling of the flames, the whistling wind, the screaming of the hurt, made a pandemonium of that little valley, and the water of the freezing creek was red with blood or black with the flying cinders."

The number of persons killed can not be accurately stated, as it is not known exactly how many there were on the train, and it is supposed that some bodies were entirely consumed in the flames. The official list of the killed and those who have died of their injuries, gives the number as fifty-five, but it is supposed to be somewhat higher.

On this page we give a diagram showing the construction of the bridge, which was of iron. It was built about eleven years ago, and was supposed to be a structure of great strength. It had been tested with the weight of six locomotives; heavy trains had crossed on both its tracks at the same time; it was believed to be well constructed of the best materials. Yet suddenly it fell under a weight far below its tested strength. No wonder that the travelling public anxiously inquire, "What was the cause?" Was it improperly constructed? Was the iron of inferior quality? After eleven years of service, had it *suddenly* lost its strength? Or had a *gradual* weakness grown upon it unperceived? Might that weakness have been discovered by frequent and proper examination? Or was the breakage the sudden effect of intense cold? If so, why had it not happened before in yet more severe weather? Is there *no* method of making iron bridges of assured safety? And who is responsible (so far as human responsibility goes) for such an accident—the engineer who designed the bridge, or the contractor, or the builders, or the railroad corporation? Was the bridge, when made, the *best* of its kind, or the *cheapest* of its kind? Was the contract for building "let to the lowest bidder," or given to the most honest, thorough workmen? These and a hundred similar queries arise in every thoughtful mind, and an anxious community desire information and assurance of safety. The majority of people can not, of course, understand the detailed construction of bridges, but they do desire confidence in engineers, builders, contractors, manufacturers, who have to do with the making of them, and in the railroad companies, into whose hands they are constantly putting their own lives and the lives of those dearest to them.

THE GIRL IN THE RED JACKET.

IN the summer of 186– I had reached one of those moments that sometimes happen in life, when we seem to have come to an end of all the interests of existence.

How I had been brought to the hopelessness of the hour I can perhaps best explain to my reader by allowing a glimpse of a letter:

> "And so, my dear Robbie, we must be once more only *friends*. I am sure, after all I have said, you can understand that the fatal decision in regard to your uncle's property falls as heavily upon me as upon you; and you will appreciate that I do not conceal from you, as a more artful girl might do, that it is solely on account of the unhappy termination of your lawsuit that my decision has been made.
>
> "Were my own income, with the addition of your salary, sufficient to maintain such an establishment as our position in society demands, what different words I might pen!
>
> "But we must be sensible, and we must be brave. Had all been well, nothing should have prevented our return in October, and the event, of which, I fear, we both dreamed too sentimentally, would of course have occurred. As it is, I think we shall stay abroad a year longer, spending, probably, the winter in Rome.
>
> "Adieu, my good Robbie, my kind, indulgent, and too fondly remembered friend. Do not forget that whatever pangs of separation you may suffer are shared by your faithful but *decided*
>
> "ARABELLA AINSLEE."

A few weeks after I had received this letter, and while the keen sense of a double wrong goaded me to thoughts of the "bare bodkin" order, I met my friend Alfred Coit.

With a masculine delicacy for which I forever give him credit, he avoided allusion to my misfortune, and with artful transposition of person assured me he was really ailing, and begged me, as a good fellow, to run down with him, for over Sunday, to Long Branch.

There is nothing so passive as misery. A gay watering-place was the last spot my choice inclined me to visit; nevertheless, at this perching-place of pleasure, and in the very height of the season, I found myself on the morrow.

Dear reader, you have, I imagine, visited this famous sea-side. You will, then, remember where on the beach, near the lower bathing-place, an unsightly wreck thrusts itself upward from the sand. Every year is burying it deeper; but still its gray and rust-stained timbers mock the endeavors of storm and surf to quell its impotent protest of indignation and bring it to the quiescent level of the strand.

It was on that wreck, piled with all the abandon and grace feminine draperies so well assist the natural suavity of woman to assume, that a merry group greeted our "early morning vision," as we strolled forth, at an hour when Coit had assured me we should have the ocean to ourselves.

In truth, very few people were abroad. Breakfast at the hotel had hardly commenced. We had been ourselves the "early birds" of that repast, and had witnessed on our egress from the dining hall a brief scene that must be mentioned here for its connection with my story.

A slenderly formed woman, in deepest mourning, and veiled blackly almost to her feet, appeared at the doorway of the "ladies' parlor," and with a few hasty strides was crossing the hall toward the stairway, when suddenly, with a half-suppressed scream—an exclamation as of mingled recognition and dread—she tossed her arms wildly upward and fell to the floor.

The few people happening to be near rushed to her assistance. She was lifted gently and placed in a reclining attitude upon the sofa; but the fact became immediately evident that whatever had been the nature of her attack, it had not left her in a swoon. She resisted, with sufficient vivacity to attest her consciousness, any attempt to bathe her temples or give her more air; and presently, at her own order, was lifted into an arm-chair by the servants and carried up stairs.

As we approached the gay group upon the shore, beyond whom my gloomy mood had perceived with satisfaction a clear expanse of solitude, what was my dismay to hear Alfred Coit exclaim,

"Why, here, as good luck will have it, we chance upon our own party—Mimi, and May, and Netta, and the boys. But who," he added, in tone of soliloquy, "is the centre piece of this family monument? A stranger to me, I am sure. Do you recognize her, Rob?—the girl in the red jacket."

The young lady thus unceremoniously sketched formed the apex of the pyramid that had been improvised upon the wreck. Her scarlet jacket defined vividly a softly curved figure; the delicately shaped face, turned from us almost to profile, had its animated contour cast into relief by a pale background of blue mist; while the winds, pushing back to full length a cluster of light brown curls, along with the dark plume of a coquettish little hat, gave, in conjunction with the jacket's martial dash of color, quite a spirited air—a sort of liberty-cap or banner-aloft look to the whole group.

The tableau, however, did not stay for elaborate criticism, but at the first recognition of our approach tumbled to pieces like a Chinese puzzle.

The boys rushed upon us with the ferocious appetite of two young cannibals. Mimi flew to Alf with a kiss, and came very near bestowing upon me the same sisterly effusion of regard. Netta clung to Alf's arm, and beamed unfeignedly gracious upon the next remove to that prime object of her warmth. May, the petted romp, made her dual greeting cordially felt, and then introduced her companion:

"Miss Reed, Mr. L——; Miss Helen Reed, my brother Alf."

We strolled leisurely along the beach. Mimi, with a charming air of matronliness—she had been married six months—attached herself to me. Alf sauntered before us, Netta on his arm, and conversing with Miss Reed. May prowled restlessly about, evidently dying to bare her feet like the boys, and wade in the wake of the surf.

"I am so glad you came," said Mimi; "there is to be a ball to-night—a fancy ball, no masks. It was impossible for George to be here, and mother and I were wishing for escorts. Alf always *is* providential, dear fellow, and— What do you think of Miss Reed?"

Gallantly checking the words that arose to my lips, "Really I had not thought," and unable at that moment to reproduce in mental visions the picture that had formed itself upon my retina from the wreck, I now deliberately observed the young creature as she chatted with Alf.

"A very nice girl, I should think."

"We think her a beauty," said Mimi. "Certainly she is, as you say, a perfectly lovely girl; a favorite school friend of Netta's and mine, and we had not seen her in three years until now, although she lives in New York. But no one ever sees her there. That is a part of the mystery which, I suppose, really adds to our admiration. And, poor girl, even here she is a prisoner almost. A stroll in the morning, occasionally coming down to bathe, and after that not a glimpse of her all day. She is in constant attendance upon an invalid aunt, a dreadful creature—invisible, of course. Even at school we had no idea where she lived. Miss G—— knew, I suppose; but we school-girls never could find out, or never *would*, rather; for any suggestion of walking home with Helen gave her such evident distress that she was too much liked to be hurt for curiosity's sake; and in school she was the life of her class—one of those electric sort of girls, you know, who always seem to create a circle of animation. And—"

So my companion affectionately rattled on, and would no doubt have continued affectionately to rattle on, had we not reached the fishing place; and all her energies were diverted from me to the laudable attempt of keeping her exuberant brothers from plunging into the briny boats, with apparent intent of lavishing upon the bass and blue-fish the same excess of cordiality that had been so flattering in their reception of Alf and myself.

By the time we returned, the beach had assumed its mid-day aspect of gayety. Mimi was repeatedly called away by friends. Alf, too, excused himself for a moment, and I found myself in the solitary enjoyment of escorting Miss Reed.

How, in the midst of commonplaces, the confession escaped me that I was suffering from a desperate attack of "the blues," I do not know. Miss Reed turned at the remark, and studied me quickly with a glance so penetrating that I felt for the instant as if she were in possession of the whole secret of my despair.

But she remarked, presently, ignorantly enough, "Then you have come, I think, to just the right place to be cured."

"Because people are so gay here that there is no room for melancholy? Or is it the sea itself that you consider an inspiriting element?"

"The sea itself," she said; "at least here at Long Branch. Different sea-shores, I know, have different expressions. Some are so sad, even cruel. But here—and perhaps the people have much to do with it; I have never visited Long Branch excepting in the season, and can hardly imagine it a solitude—here, it seems to me, if any one had trouble, there would be something invigorating, inspiring—something to say, if not so much as 'Be happy,' then, anyway, 'We must be sensible and we must be brave.'"

How these words startled me I can not find language to tell. I darted upon the girl beside me a furious glance. She was utterly unconscious of the wrath she had raised; her attention, indeed, at that moment, was directed eagerly toward the bluff.

"We must be sensible and we must be brave." These were the very words of Arabella's letter that had been haunting me for a month, ringing in my ears their racking mockery, till of their syllables my soul was sick.

I felt myself seized with sudden enmity against this girl who had repeated them. But there was little time in which to indulge my animosity. Some one sprang down the stairway from the summer-house that had been Miss Reed's object of interest upon the bluff—a servant from the hotel to summon her to her aunt; and she bade me good-by at once.

Such was her haste, I hardly could persuade her to let me accompany her across the lawn.

"Next time we meet," I said, as she flew along softly by my side, "I shall beg you to explain to me an expression, certainly the most foreign and the most unsentimental that I ever have heard ascribed either to a frivolous watering-place or to the 'sad sea-waves.'"

I uttered this sentence with precisely the sarcastic iciness of tone which a sensitive girl, who has just departed a little from the ordinary routine of talk with a stranger, would be most likely to hate. And I had the satisfaction of perceiving a pained look cross her face. It was replaced, however, immediately, as we reached the piazza, by a friendly smile, a quick "good-morning," and she was gone.

The fancy ball was the event of the week. In every detail of pleasure and magnificence it was pronounced a success. To me it was a brilliant bore, not even enlivened by the presence of "the girl in the red jacket." Where had she been—unsought and unmissed—through all the dazzling hours of the ball? I was just about mentally inquiring, when Alf and I sprang from our chairs, aroused by the most piercing shrieks that ever broke from a woman's lips.

Dead silence followed; then a rush of footsteps down the passage; and then again those heart-rending cries. At the next moment Mimi's voice at our door: "Alfred! Robert! are you there? are you up?" and, as we hastily withdrew the bolt, herself, pale as a ghost. "Come with me, both of you," she gasped.

We followed her along the hall—where, at the head of the stairway, I saw Miss Reed apparently trying to calm a frightened group of people startled from their rooms, half disrobed like ourselves—and turned into a narrow entry, where, at sound of Alf's voice, Mrs. Coit cautiously opened a door, and ordering Mimi authoritatively to retire, admitted us to an interior which explained at a glance the source of those thrilling shrieks.

In the midst of the apartment, shrouded in a night dress bearing evidence of a struggle, like the tossed bed beyond, stood a slender woman, with her outstretched arms held fast by two men, between whom, her head bowed upon her breast and her face hidden by drooping hair, she was swaying herself to and fro in the lull of a frantic paroxysm.

Before Mrs. Coit had time to explain how she had herself been summoned to this scene, the woman lifted her head, gazed at us stupidly for a minute, and then, with a darting glance of recognition, an individualizing intelligence, directed solely, as I felt in every nerve of my body, against me, dashed herself away from the unguarded men and leaped like a tigress at my throat. A brief conflict there was, such as I trust in its faintest resemblance I shall never know or see again. When at last we flung the poor creature on the pillow, she lay like one dead.

A vague interval followed. Alf, I believe, was binding up my bleeding wrist. Then I perceived that Miss Reed had entered the room, and that with soothing little movements and low-voiced lulling accents, such as mothers use to tired babes, she was leaning over the bed.

This dangerous maniac, then, was the "invalid aunt" of Helen Reed.

The hotel had its resident physician, but on that night he was not to be found; and when it was proposed to send to the village for medical assistance, Miss Reed interposed.

If it were possible, she said, to return to New York at once, this was her most urgent wish; to be at home again directly, before another fit of excitement should occur, and under the care of their own physician, who understood the case by experience of years, and would deal best, she thought, with this new phase, so dreadful, so distressing, so unexplained. Could we assist her to accomplish this?

Mrs. Coit acquiesced in the propriety of immediate removal. She offered to accompany Miss Reed to New York; but it was decided, as the patient became more and more quietly composed, that they would be sufficiently protected by Alf and myself.

The journey was accomplished in safety, although my assistance was of little avail, for my presence seemed to excite the maniac, so that at last I did not venture to appear in her sight.

Just as we were about reaching New York, Miss Reed called me to her, and said,

"I think, Mr. L——, I may want to write to you some day; for although you have no recollection of my aunt, excepting as the stranger whose agitation surprised you in the hotel hall yesterday morning, she seems to have some very connected ideas associated with you and with that which most affects your happiness. I can not decide—I shall leave it to the doctor to decide, whether her story, strangely new to me, is a phantasy or true. If it is true, then I must write to you; and shall I address you through the Coits?"

I ventured to ask if I might not call upon her, but the request was met with a firm but gentle refusal.

In less than a month a letter called me to her side. Pale and sorrowful she met me, and in a few moments conducted me up a flight of stairs to an apartment that adjoined a sick-room. She explained her reason for sending for me in a few words:

"My aunt, who, although very ill, is perfectly calm and rational, wishes to give you in person an important communication."

Scarcely had she concluded when the physician came toward us.

"Nellie," he said, "I know your brave little heart. It must not desert you now. Are you prepared, my child, to meet the worst?"

The young girl hid her face in her hands, and, trembling from head to foot, remained silent until she was calm. Then we went together into the hushed room.

Her hand was clasped in mine. Whether she gave it to me or whether I took it I do not know. But I held it fast, as I am thankful to remember, through all that gloomy hour, when the lonely child blessed Heaven in her heart for my poor companionship.

Kneeling beside the bed, we caught the broken sentences that fell faintly from the dying woman's lips.

"It is so long ago—and she was such a little child;—it was almost as if I had possessed her from her birth—my darling—my beautiful—my pet. I loved her so passionately before I thought. And—it is wonderful—and very sad—how much a woman can love a child. When the Ainslees went away, leaving their babe with me—the only woman of her own country Harriet Ainslee knew in New York—they expected to return in three months. If they had come then, all would have been well—and why did they not? Where was her mother's heart? Months grew to years—five years they were away—every day knitting my soul closer to the child. I foresaw my danger. When my sister died, I adopted her orphan girl, just Helen's age, and tried to love her—but I could not. At last the Ainslees were coming back;—and then—in the anguish of parting with my idol—came that dark thought. If suffering could atone for sin—why then—but it can not;—and I could not give up Nellie. That dark thought—it was the seed of all this horror of remorse;—but Nellie darling, the best I have is yours. I have not wronged you—have I, my child, at the last? And Mr. L——, from the time you were pointed out to me—when the Ainslees were here last spring—as Arabella's lover—I was haunted by your face. I knew you loved her with an earnest man's heart. Then—you lost your property, and I heard—your engagement had been broken off;—and then my sin looked darker and darker:—it is a fearful thing to wrong young hearts. Yes—then I suffered too much. But now—nothing can keep you from claiming your wife. The Ainslees have no right—Arabella is not their child. And—Helen darling—you must tell him the rest;—for—it is growing so dark—and—where are you, Nellie—my darling—my baby—my little pet."

It was not until after the poor heart-broken woman had been laid in the grave that I heard the rest—the proofs of the children's parentage, and the legal disposition of property to "Helen Arabella Ainslee, my godchild," and "Arabella Reed, my niece." Complications arose, but they were finally adjusted as her heart, so faithful to Helen, would have wished.

Nellie's way of being sensible and being brave, of using the present to its best and looking the future brightly in the face—an exemplification, dear reader, of "disarming the ruffian with a smile"—has brought her much happiness.

Arabella, who, I had been long ago persuaded, from her own heart, and not from her foster-parents' ambition, refused me when I was denied the property—since, by an unlooked-for incident, regained—has been in her way equally fortunate, and her consistency has been rewarded by that crowning technique, "a brilliant match."

And now, as I close this scribbled sheet, it is an autumn morning—winter almost. There was a high wind last night, and to-day the wheels grate harshly on the icy street, and the window-panes are white with frost.

Along the coast the night must have been wild indeed. At Long Branch, I imagine, the wintry tide swept ruthlessly across the beach, burying, perhaps, still deeper in the sand the gray and rust-stained timbers of the deserted wreck.

But here, in the warm breakfast-room, at the bright table, a little white-frocked, long-aproned guest is seated in a high chair at her mother's side. Beyond them is the aviary, wide awake with cheerful song, every voice of which I know. Windows on either side are piled high with flowering plants.

And opposite my lucky self is the prettiest woman I have ever met—the loveliest woman, in fact, and the sweetest in the world—who, on account of a little crimson morning sacque she has put on to-day to ward off early frost, looks exceedingly like "The Girl in the Red Jacket."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

For many years past attempts have been made by the people of Australia and New Zealand to introduce various useful food fishes into the respective colonies from Europe; and the common trout, the tench, and perhaps one or two other species have succeeded admirably—to such an extent, indeed, as to supply a very important staple in the way of fish. All the efforts in connection with salmon, the object of special interest, however, have hitherto failed; and although an expense of many thousand pounds has been incurred in successive experiments to transfer the eggs from England, these have either arrived entirely spoiled or with so little vitality that the young died shortly after birth. As these experiments were very widely noticed in the scientific and sporting journals, the successive failures were fully understood, and the idea was suggested by the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, to several parties interested, of trying what could be done with eggs of the California salmon. The arguments in its favor were the much shorter distance to be traversed in taking them to their destination, the greater hardiness of the California fish, and its ability to resist extremes of both heat and cold.

A small lot of these eggs was accordingly sent to New Zealand in 1875, and in 1876 an experiment on a much larger scale was made by the transmission of 400,000 eggs from the establishment of the United States Fish Commission on the M'Cloud River. These were sent on the 10th of October by the *Zealandia*, properly packed under the direction of Messrs. Cross & Co. and Mr. Creighton, of San Francisco, who followed carefully prepared instructions from Mr. Livingston Stone, in charge of the hatching establishment. These eggs were divided between Auckland, Canterbury, Napier, Hawkes Bay, and Wellington, and advices have just been received from the Wellington and Auckland consignments detailing the most perfect success. A very small percentage of the eggs perished on the way, and the greater part were hatched out, and on the 20th of November the young fish were reported to be in a thriving, vigorous condition.

A high compliment is paid by the president of the Auckland Acclimatization Society to Mr. Stone for the admirable manner in which the eggs were put up for shipment.

Application has also been made by the New Zealand societies for the eggs of the white-fish, and a quarter of a million of the present year's catch have been sent at once from the hatching establishment of Mr. Frank N. Clark at Northville, Michigan, by direction of the United States Commissioner.

Of another shipment of 100,000 eggs to Honolulu nothing has been heard. As showing the interest which the countries bordering on the Pacific are now taking in the matter of introducing the California salmon, we may state that the United States Commissioner has received an application from a gentleman in Valdivia, in Southern Chili, for a supply of salmon eggs, the rivers in that vicinity promising to be extremely well suited to this fish.

The death of Mr. Redmond, an African missionary, was recently announced to the Geographical Society of London as that of one whose past explorations had materially assisted subsequent travellers, and who first suggested that there was a great system of lakes in Central Africa.

Mr. William Bollaert, a well-known traveller and explorer, died on the 15th of November, at the age of sixty-nine. He first became known to the scientific world by his labors in reference to the geology of Peru, and his subsequent investigation of the archæology of Central and South America.

Mr. J. E. Harting has lately placed in the Zoological Gardens of London a living specimen of an American robin, which was captured in August or September last at Dover, in an exhausted condition, just as it had flown in from the sea. This is the first record of the occurrence of the American robin in a wild state in England, although it has been taken on the Continent.

This adds another to the many species of American birds that appear to have been carried across the ocean by the prevailing westerly winds. Altogether some seventy species have been captured in Europe, probably under the same conditions; but very few European birds are ever taken in America. This is supposed to be owing to the fact that, while the first-mentioned are carried across the ocean by the prevalent westerly winds, the second reach America by way of Scandinavia, Iceland, and Greenland.

The Chicago Academy of Sciences has been in the habit, for several years past, of sending an expedition during the winter to Florida for the purpose of making collections of marine zoology. These were commenced several years ago by the lamented Dr. Stimpson, and have been continued with but little intermission ever since.

The expedition for the present season was initiated by Mr. W. W. Calkins, who left Chicago on the 16th of December, to be followed in a few weeks by Dr. J. W. Velie and an assistant. After spending some time on the east coast they will proceed to Tampa, and make that the centre of their labors.

Since our brief reference to the return of the British arctic expedition under Captain Nares, quite a complete report has been published by permission of the Admiralty, from which we are enabled to judge somewhat of its scientific results.

The region previously traversed by the *Polaris*, under Captain Hall, was visited, and the accounts found to be correct so far as the actual personal knowledge of the *Polaris* party extended. Instead of the land reaching continuously to the north on the western side of Robeson Strait, however, it was found to trend almost due westward at Cape Joseph Henry, without any indication whatever of any more northern land.

The Greenland side of Robeson Strait was also explored for a considerable distance, and traced in an east-northeast direction, probably indicating the northern limitation of Greenland. Several sledge journeys were prosecuted, with more or less success, but the intense severity of the wind, greater than any on record, interfered with the work, and an outbreak of malignant scurvy constituted a very serious disaster.

The northern limit of birds seemed to be reached along the land, the species diminishing very considerably in abundance in comparison with what was known at Melville Island. Musk-oxen, however, were obtained in some numbers, and specimens of these and other objects secured.

A distance of about two hundred miles of coast-line was traced on the west side of Robeson Strait, beyond the farthest point reached by the *Polaris* party. Some interesting facts in regard to the natural history of the northern regions were ascertained. The most northern species of animals met with, as might have been supposed, were the arctic fox, the wolf, the polar hare, the lemming, and the musk-ox. No cetaceans whatever were seen north of Prayer Harbor, near Cape Sabine, and only one species of seal (*Phoca hispida*). The outlying species of birds were the snowy owl, snow-bunting, and the ptarmigan. Numerous specimens of birds were collected in Smith Sound, and the long-sought-for eggs of the sanderling obtained. Few marine fish were noted, and the only fresh-water fish was a species of salmonoid, taken in latitude 82° 35′. Between twenty and thirty species of phanerogamic plants were gathered between the parallels of 82° and 83°—many more than was anticipated. The rocks of the country proved to be mainly silurian limestone, although miocene deposits, including a twenty-foot seam of coal, were found as far north as latitude 81° 44′. In this the usual fossil plants were found, so abundant in other parts of Greenland. There were many indications of recent changes of the elevation of the land, shown by the discovery of thick post-pliocene deposits, lying at a considerable elevation above the sea-level, and containing fossils similar to those of the existing marine fauna.

The highest latitude reached by the steamer was 82° 27′, although Lieutenant Markham on his sledge journey got as far [illegible] 83° 20′—some seventy miles farther than the party of the *Polaris*.

The death of Mr. Gustave Delvigne, the inventor of the explosive bullet and rifled gun, recently took place in France.

Some of our readers will recollect the presence of Dr. Wojeikoff in this country, the Russian meteorologist, who spent several years in studying our meteorology. To him was intrusted by Professor Henry the completion of Professor Coffin's work on the winds of the globe, left unfinished at the death of the author. After leaving the United States he visited British America and California, and then proceeded to the East India Islands, where he recently arrived, at Singapore, on his way to Japan.

Dr. Von Waltershausen, Professor of Mineralogy and Geology at Göttingen, died in that city on the 16th of October, aged sixty-seven. During his earlier years he travelled largely in Brazil and Iceland, studying the volcanic phenomena of those regions, making at the same time extensive mineralogical collections. During his later years he was engaged in a work on the topography and orography of Etna.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY, 1877.

Sunday, 21.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
Thursday, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday, 28.—Septuagesima Sunday.

The National Conference on the Eastern question, held in St. James's Hall, London, on Friday, December 8, was as much a religious as a political assembly. Among the conveners and speakers were bishops, deans, and other dignitaries of the State Church, Non-conformist ministers, members of Parliament, delegates from trades-unions, and Mr. Gladstone. Two sessions were held. The duty of England to co-operate with Russia in succoring the Bulgarians, and to withdraw its quasi-protection from the Turks, was urged with a great variety of argument. The Bishop of Oxford put the case on the broad ground of duty of English Christians to their fellow-Christians. He said: "If they are Christians who suffer, we as Christians are bound to help them. It is something to me that these are Christian races. It is something to me that every Sunday I say the same creed which those poor murdered people were saying before the death-blow fell upon them, and that I bow my knees day after day to the same Lord they acknowledge." Mr. Gladstone, who spoke last, was received with immense applause, and delivered one of his finest orations. He demanded English support for the Bulgarian people in the name of humanity, and claimed that the "traditional policy of England is not complicity with guilty power, but sympathy with suffering weakness. This is a case," he said, "in which we have given a conditional support to the Turkish power, in which the conditions have been betrayed. It is a case, therefore, of positive obligation, and when, under the stringent pressure of the obligation, the long-suffering humanity of these provinces has lifted itself up from the ground and is beginning again to look up to the heavens, it is our duty to assist in the work." It is thought that this Conference will have a great influence upon English opinion.

Among the victims of the terrible disaster on the Lake Shore Railroad were Mr. P. P. Bliss, the musical evangelist, and his wife. Mr. Bliss was the composer of many of the hymns and tunes used by Mr. Sankey and other revivalists. His compositions have been sung all over the world. Mr. Moody stated, at a memorial service held in Chicago, that his friend had not long since received a copy of his hymns translated into the Chinese language. The profits from his song-books were devoted to charitable purposes.

Mr. William Howitt, the veteran author, sends from Rome to the *Christian World*, of London, a characterization of Cardinal Antonelli which is far from flattering. He accounts for the deceased cardinal's great wealth thus: "During the palmy days of the popedom, before the Italians broke into Rome, the cardinals enjoyed all the revenues of office. They were the princes and ministers of the temporal state of the papacy, and rolled in all sorts of wealth. Every thing was made a monopoly of, especially every article of life—bread, butter, cheese, sugar, flour, soap, meat—in a word, every thing; and the monopolies were conferred on the cardinals, monsignori, and other prelates, who fixed whatever price they pleased on these articles. It was exactly the same system of monopoly that England was subjected to under Elizabeth. The people groaned under it. Besides this, Antonelli was the first private secretary to the Pope, and from the day of Pio Nono's flight to Gaeta, in 1848, his Secretary of State, and had the pickings of the whole papal territories." In conflict with this statement, however, is the solemn protestation contained in Antonelli's will: "Before proceeding to dispose of my private fortune, I declare that I do not possess any other capital beyond that which came from the heritage of my excellent father, or which I have been able to acquire through the means left me by him." The entire will has been published.

The Rev. L. D. Bevan, the newly appointed pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, on Murray Hill, will be installed January 16. The Rev. Dr. William Adams preaches the sermon, the Rev. Dr. Shedd will give the charge to the pastor, and the Rev. Dr. Murray the charge to the people.

A Young Men's Christian Association has been formed in Lucknow, India. It is intended to include native East Indians. About thirty young men united in its first organization. Another indication of progress in India may also be noted—the appearance of a *Christian Advocate*, a fortnightly religious paper, published at Hyderabad.

The condition of the business of the country is clearly reflected in the annual report of the Methodist Episcopal Church Extension Society lately issued. The energies of its managers have been directed not so much to the building of new places of worship as to the saving of those imperiled by debt. It has aided during the past financial year, by donation alone, 144 churches, by loans only, 16, and by donations and loans, 22, making a total of 182 relieved. This help has cost $89,516. Besides this number, aid has been promised to 86 churches on condition of their raising certain amounts.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that one of the foremost of American Biblical scholars, Professor Tayler Lewis, of Union College, is a layman. Professor R. B. Welch thus writes of him: "Besides the Syriac, Septuagint, and Vulgate versions, he has carefully examined the Jewish Targums, such fragments as exist of the Samaritan or the Coptic, and the Gothic translation of Ulfilas, the oldest version in a language nearly related to our own. For fourteen consecutive years he read the Hebrew Bible through annually. The Arabic, the Syriac, the Greek, and the Hebrew Scriptures always lie upon his table." Since he has become deaf, Professor Lewis has taught his students exclusively by lectures.

The Methodist Almanac for 1877 reports the statistics of the Episcopal Methodists of the United States to be: 19,433 travelling preachers, 25,656 local preachers, and 3,043,709 members. The aggregate of members is thus made up: Methodist Episcopal Church, 1,613,560; Methodist Church South, 722,346; Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, 80,000; African Methodist Episcopal Church, 200,681; African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, 200,000; Evangelical Association, 95,253; United Brethren, 131,859. The Non-episcopal Methodists of this country have 154,243 members. According to this authority, the total of Methodist communicants throughout the world is 4,172,579.

Messrs. Hall and Cree, Christian Association Secretaries, whose tours in the Southern States have heretofore been productive of excellent results, set out upon another tour January 10. They will visit the principal cities of the South.

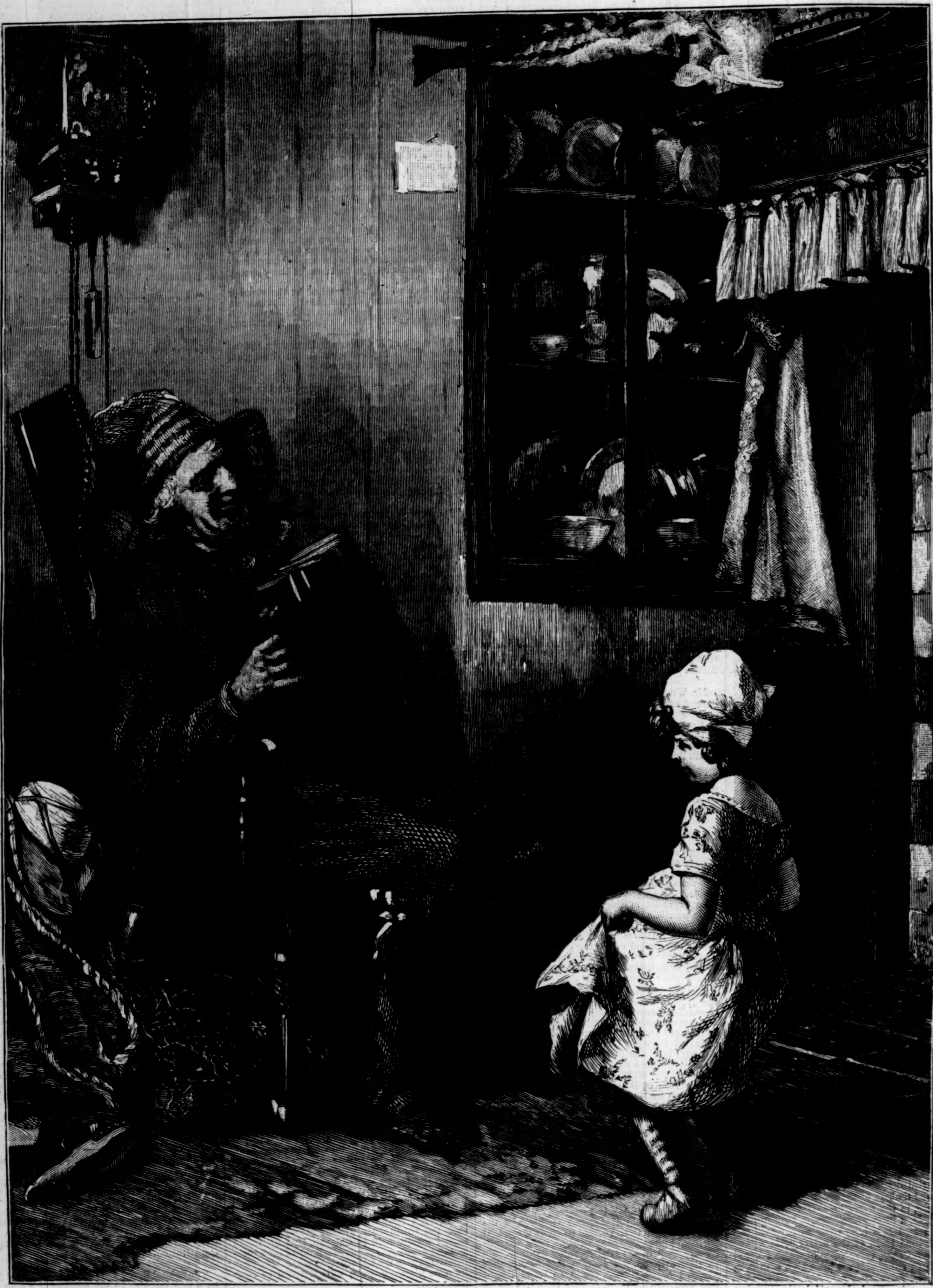
The Baptist Education Society, which has been in existence sixty-three years, has on its present list of beneficiaries sixty-four students who are preparing for the ministry. Of this number forty-eight are in Newton Seminary, nine in Brown University, six in Colby University, and one in Williams College. To supply these young men the sum required is $8512—a little over $150 each.

By a late Order in Council the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London are to sit in rotation as assessors with the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on ecclesiastical appeals. Besides one of these three, four bishops will also be assessors, making five bishops in all. The assessors will give opinions, but will not vote.

The Presbytery of Newark, New Jersey, reached a conclusion of the trial of the Rev. Isaac M. See, on the charge of admitting women to his pulpit, January 3. The vote stood: for sustaining the charge, 16; against, 12. Mr. See was admonished not to suffer women to preach again in his pulpit. He has, however, given notice that he will appeal to the Synod of New Jersey.

The work of removing notices from the walls of Protestant chapels in Spain still goes on. All such notices in Madrid have now been taken down. There was no opposition made, except in a single instance. The clergyman in question was summoned before the President of the Council, who explained to him that the removal of the outward signs of Protestant worship was within the limits of Article XI. of the Spanish Constitution.

The School Board election in London has given a new impulse to the movement which has for its object the disestablishment of the Church of England. The Anglo-Catholics, who feel the pressure of the Public Worship Regulation Law, have for some time shown a disposition to join hands with the Dissenters. As another sign of the times, it may be mentioned that the *Rock*, the organ of Evangelical Churchmen, has opened its columns to a free discussion of this question by correspondents. The Rev. John Oakley, one of the defeated Church candidates for the London School Board, gives, in a letter to a newspaper, a qualified assent to the idea of disestablishment. He says: "This hostility between the Church and Dissent, which has come out so strikingly in the late election, *must cease*, if our civilization is not to be seriously retarded, and our place lowered in the scale of nations. If what you call 'Disestablishment' would set us free from some of the inveterate suspicion and hostility which pursue us—I fail to see at present why it should—my hands would be held up for it at once."



THE PLAYMATES.

OVER the meadows, so white with snow,
Brighter than jewels the sunbeams glance;
Here in the cottage, so brown and low,
Grandad and Lulu are having a dance.
Grandad sits in his old oak chair—
Summer and winter he's always there.

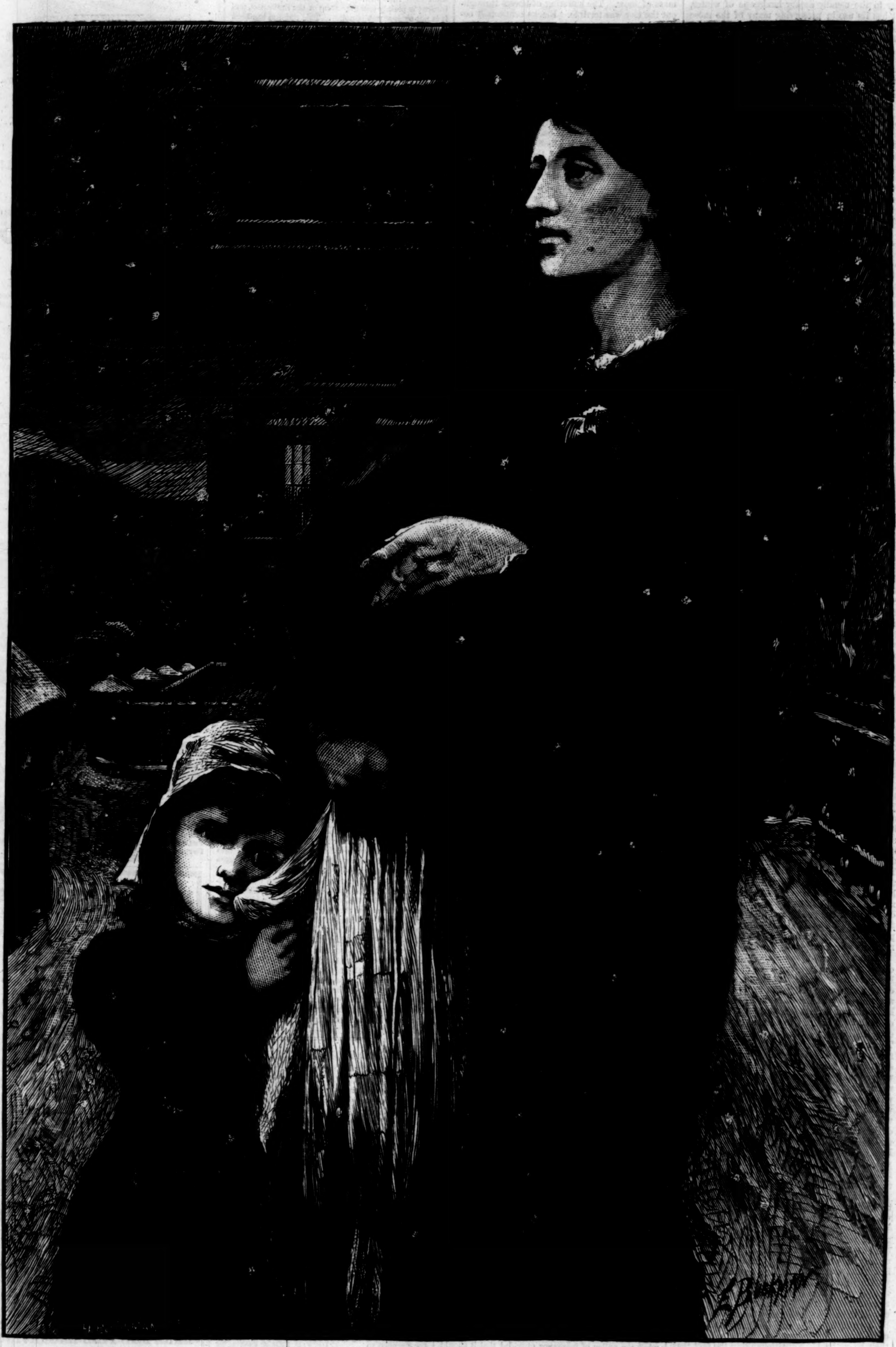
Father and mother, they rise at six,
And Reuben, he works the livelong day;
Harry and Lizzie, they gather sticks,
Till the dim old fire looks bright and gay;
But aged childhood and baby grace,
They laugh at Time and his hurried race.

Grandad's hair is of silvery white;
Time has furrowed his forehead o'er;
And now, like a veteran of the fight,
His time is passed and he works no more.
Blue-eyed Lulu, the household pet,
Nor care nor sorrow shall greet her yet.

Good Father William, he takes the Book
When toil is over and day is flown;
With solemn eyes do the playmates look;
The music dies with a merry tone:
Man of eighty and child of seven,
They wait for the message sent from Heaven.

And Father William, he turns the page
That tells of a kingdom free from sin;
Nor toil shall win it, nor wealth, nor age—
"Be like a child, would ye enter in;"
Not wise nor mighty, but pure and mild:
Said Judah's Prophet, "Be like a child."

He looks at the playmates young and old,
Where one sits throned on the other's knees,
And thinks of the city paved with gold,
Whose streets are trodden by forms like these.
For grandad, withered by toil and tears,
Still keeps the heart of his childish years.



IN THE SNOW—HOMELESS.—[SEE PAGE 54.]

IN THE SNOW.

A snow-storm in the country not only gives variety to the usually dreary landscape of winter, but has its use in preserving many of the more delicate perennial plants that would otherwise perish during the severe cold of the season. Owing to the innumerable reflecting facets of the minute crystals and the quantity of air caught between the latter, a layer of snow is a remarkably perfect non-conductor of heat, and when a covering of it lies upon the ground, it forms an almost complete protection to the vegetable life beneath.

Viewed as a source of pleasure, there can be no question as to the delights of a country snow-storm, sleighing, coasting, and the keen enjoyment of snow-balling, so satisfactory to the boyish mind, being among the chief amusements to be had outside of the city during the winter season. The snow also has had its influence upon art and literature, many of our celebrated painters having found an added inspiration in some beautiful landscape when wrapped in a winding-sheet of the frozen feathery vapor, while one poet at least has been wafted into fame through a single short poem which has the snow for its subject. Among the most successful poetic tributes to its beauty is the graphic description of the storm at the beginning of Whittier's "Snow bound:"

"So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung cloak and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle."

In the city, however, what has been termed by a brilliant newspaper knight the "lovely nuisance" has no attractions that could warm a poet into praises of its beauty. Lacking a broad sweep upon which to display its fair magnificence, crowded into narrow streets, and drifting into cellars, the "hoary meteor" as it falls simply raises visions of mud and slush and manifold miseries to come. The travelling public, as the bread-winners of the metropolis are usually called in newspaper articles upon the "rapid transit" that is so constantly promised, but never arrives, are the worst sufferers from a heavy fall of snow. The business man who lives at any distance from his office, as nearly all perforce must do in a large city where property available for business purposes is far too valuable to be used for dwellings, has a dreary prospect before him. Street cars are his only means of reaching the point where he would be, and these are a poor reliance when there is any amount of snow on the thoroughfares where they travel.

Our engraving on page 49 will give the reader who has not the misfortune to be in the city during a snow-storm some idea of the preliminaries that must be gone through before these modern trials of patience can be successfully launched. The snow-plow of the city railroad is a triumph of awkwardness only equaled by the street car itself. Upon the first trip this huge contrivance rarely manages to leave the rails bare, and only succeeds in piling up huge breastworks of snow through the middle and on either side of the street. The next device is to "double up" in regard to teams; and thus by the time that the snow-plow has exhausted the strength of half the poor animals in the stables of the company, and each car on the track has been provided with four horses from the few that remain, the poor "travelling public" is at as much of a loss as ever how to make its way through the blockaded streets.

During the recent snow-storm that visited the city, making the opening days of the new year likely to be remembered, the annoyance to all classes who were obliged to leave the shelter of their houses was almost intolerable. Where vehicles met on streets where the travel was limited and were obliged to turn to one side in the deep drifts, serious consequences often resulted. There were wrecks of vehicles to be seen at almost any point. The snow-plows were in constant use in clearing the car tracks, but passing wagons continually threw the snow back upon the rails, making laborious work for the horses. This was especially the case on the streets were there was only a single track. The western river-front was more frequently blocked than any other thoroughfare, especially in the vicinity of Washington Market, and when vehicles turned off into the less-travelled streets, they were more seriously impeded in their progress. Harnesses proved insufficiently strong to overcome the resistance which the snow offered.

It was feared that many of the wharves along the river-front would give way beneath the extra weight of snow. In cases where the wharves were supposed to be in a weak condition, men were employed with shovels and wheelbarrows clearing the snow from them. The long line of trucks usually seen carting freight had largely diminished, and many of them remained in front of the warehouses and other places almost imbedded in the snow. Where it was absolutely necessary to remove freight from the vessels, as in the case of cotton, the trucks frequently became obstructed by a bank of snow, and the horses would become perfectly exhausted in trying to extricate their heavy load. Notwithstanding the fact that the loads generally were light, in many cases half of what was put on would have to be thrown off again, as it was impossible for the horses to drag the already choked wheels through the heavy mass of snow. The suffering of horses throughout the city was terrible. Blocks continually occurred, and many cruel scenes took place, where struggling animals tugged and strained at their too heavy loads, trembling and sweating, while their efforts were rewarded by curse and lash. A general ebb in drivers' good tempers seemed to be the consequence of the heavy travelling.

In the evening, the 11.35 theatre train on the New Haven Railroad and the 11.45 theatre train on the Harlem Railroad were unable to proceed beyond Tremont. About fifty couples of young folks on each train who had been attending places of amusement in this city, finding themselves unable to reach home, amused themselves as best they could until about ten o'clock the next morning, when they were transferred to other trains and conveyed to their respective places of destination.

The next morning the rapid-transit trains of the Harlem road were not to be found, and the suburban inhabitants had their choice between the horse-cars, the Harlem River boats, and staying at home. But along about ten o'clock two cars, with an engine in front and an engine behind, came down crowded, and at irregular intervals through the day other trains followed. The station-houses on the road were filled with would-be passengers, who besieged the clerks for intelligence of the probabilities in regard to the next train, and gazed wrathfully and regretfully at the express trains that occasionally lumbered by, refusing to stop for way-passengers. There was no information to be had from the clerks, who civilly remarked that the wire was in use for freight business, which was more important than the passenger traffic; so those waiting either gave up in despair and went away, or waited on indefinitely.

To one class of our citizens, however, the snow brought good cheer—the poor and destitute, who seized the opportunity afforded by the great fall of snow to earn whatever they might in assisting to force the blockade. The Police Commissioners sent orders to enforce the ordinance directing the sidewalks to be cleaned and the gutters to be emptied. Thus a large army of men and boys in need of work found employment, and dimes began to rattle in pockets to which they had long been strangers.

Unhappily the great pressure for work felt at present in our city has made scenes like the one on page 53 only too possible, if not actual. This is, unfortunately, not a fiction of the artist's imagination. In times like the present, when hundreds of industries that have afforded a livelihood to an almost indefinite number of people are paralyzed, it can not be too often suggested to those who are well to do in this world's goods that many may be houseless and homeless, needing through the dreary months of winter our sympathy and assistance.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Various changes have been made in the Boston Museum, all tending to secure it against any such misfortune as befell the Brooklyn Theatre. The proscenium of the Museum has been made fire-proof, a new entrance to the auditorium constructed, a new wire curtain is in place, and arrangements for extinguishing any fire are extensive and complete. The managers of every theatre and place of amusement should immediately adopt similar precautions.

Hans Makart's picture of "Catharine Cornaro Receiving the Homage of Venice," which all visitors to the Centennial Art Building will remember, has been obtained by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and will be a valuable addition to the Academy's Gallery.

The recent strike on the Grand Trunk Railroad in Canada caused the most serious inconvenience and trouble. Passengers on trains were left just where they happened to be when the strike began, regardless of the violent snow-storm which prevailed. Many of them, unable to find shelter in houses near by, suffered severely from cold and exposure. The delay of the mails and of business travellers occasioned great annoyance. Violent demonstrations on the part of the strikers were made toward engineers and any other employés who attempted to aid in running the trains. Whatever grievances the strikers may have had, such methods of obtaining redress, whereby so many people suffer who have no knowledge of, or connection with, the difficulties, seem unmanly and mean, to say the least.

There is a plan for reforming English spelling called the "glosik" method. What it aims to do is told—we believe—in the following sample sentence:

"It reekweir'z noa neu teip, but repreezen'ts eech ov faurti-too elements ov Ingglish speech bei a leter aur deigraf aulred'i euzed faur it in dhi komen print." All who fancy this style of writing or printing are welcome to adopt it.

A story is going the rounds of newspapers to the effect that Worth, the famous man-milliner and dress-maker, is in trouble with a Parisian duchess. It appears that he designed for her a magnificent and unique toilet. Soon afterward she discovered an exact duplicate of her costume in her milliner's shop. She sent word to M. Worth that she did not want the dress; and he replied that it had been ordered, and must be accepted and paid for. The duchess was furious, and thus revenged herself: She wrote to M. Worth, "I shall take and pay for the dress, but not wear it. I send you this by my cook; you will be so good as to alter the costume so that it will fit her." And "they say" that the cook makes her appearance in the elegant costume on her days "out," and that Worth feels disgraced.

An interesting decision was recently rendered by the United States Supreme Court concerning the liabilities of insurance companies in case of the policy-holder's suicide. A case was carried to the Supreme Court on appeal from the Circuit Court of the Northern District of Illinois. The decision of the lower court was that when the policy of insurance provided that it should be void in case the insured should commit suicide, sane or insane, the contract should hold, and the heirs of the deceased have no legal claims upon the company. The ground taken was that insurance companies could limit their risks in any way they chose, provided the insured is plainly told the extent of the limitation, and it is not against public policy. This opinion has been confirmed by the Supreme Court.

A novel and interesting application of the art of photography was recently made in the Bradford Colliery, near Walsall, England. It being desirable, in connection with a certain litigation respecting that colliery, to obtain accurate representations of portions of the under-ground workings, a successful experiment was tried. Photographs were taken in the coal mine by means of oxyhydrogen light in combination with magnesium ribbon in combustion. The process occupied for each picture from twenty-five minutes to half an hour, while the sensitive plate was under the action of the light.

The Obituary is the cheerful name of a London weekly newspaper. Undertakers, embalmers, cremationists, grave-diggers, tombstone-carvers, and crape-makers advertise in it, and space is given to wills and obituaries of the departed.

The Popular Science Monthly gives good advice in regard to the prevention of colds. The mistake is often made of taking great care to put on extra wraps and coats when preparing for out-door exercise. This is not at all necessary in robust persons. Sufficient heat to prevent all risk of chill is generated in the body by exercise. The care should be taken to retain sufficient clothing after exercise, and when at rest, to prevent the heat passing out of the body. Indeed, persons very often catch chills from throwing off extra clothing after exercise, or from sitting about in garments the material of which is not adapted to prevent the radiation of heat from the body.

Milk is said to be a substitute for soap in the kitchen. A little put into hot water will soften it, give the dishes a fine gloss, and, what would be a boon to many, does not injure the hands.

A new French paper was issued at the commencement of the year, and is the fourth paper published in French in this city.

Prompt payment of newspaper subscriptions will meet with due reward. In proof of this statement, read and ponder the following incident: A gentleman from Lancaster County (Pennsylvania) lost his pocket-book at the Centennial. The other day he received it by express, with contents intact, from a New York lady who had found it, and identified it from a receipted subscription to a Lancaster newspaper.

What is called the "Joseph Hume Scholarship" in jurisprudence has been awarded by University College, London, to a lady who had previously taken the first place in all the classes open to women in this institution. She is now making good progress in such active legal business as is open to persons not called to the bar.

One of the greatest curiosities of the Exhibition of 1878 will be an enormous aquarium, which is to be constructed by a French company at a cost of not less than one million of francs. There will be fresh-water and sea-water tanks filled with every variety of aquatic creatures, from the smallest minnow to the largest whale. This aquarium will remain after the Exhibition closes as one of the sights of Paris.

The London *Saturday Review* states that besides certain quantities exported from the Argentine Republic and some other places, the export of ostrich feathers from Egypt, the Cape, Barbary, Mogodor, and Senegal reaches the astounding sum of £603,000 ($3,015,000). This sum does not indicate the amount paid by the final purchasers, that being greatly increased by processes for selecting, cleansing, classifying, and dyeing the feathers.

A "model railway saloon" has been recently constructed at Stratford for the Great Eastern Railway. The London *News* describes it as being divided into five compartments, one at each end being for servants and luggage respectively. The servant's compartment is very conveniently furnished with green Utrecht velvet seats and backs, hat nets, etc., and has a bell communication with the body of the saloon, which is approached therefrom through an ante-chamber furnished with a morocco lounge and a falling-leaf table, making a very convenient divan. This chamber leads through a sliding door into the body of the carriage, which consists of a spacious saloon, trimmed with maroon morocco, and enlivened with the elaborate floral devices and gilt mouldings with which the ceiling is adorned. The furniture and fittings are satin-wood, and consist of a couch, settee, arm-chairs, and a folding table at which ten persons can be conveniently seated, the floor being covered with a rich Brussels carpet. The remaining compartment is fitted up with every convenience as a lavatory.

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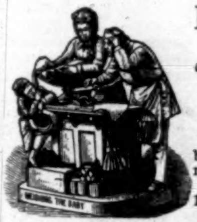

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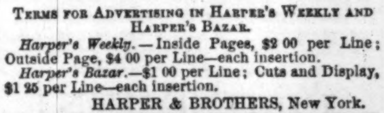

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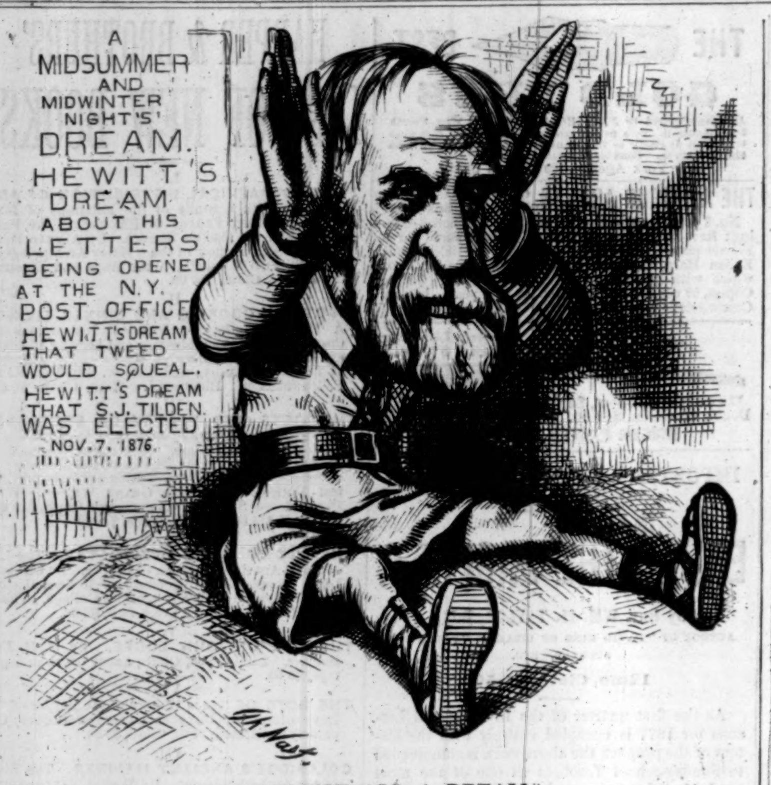
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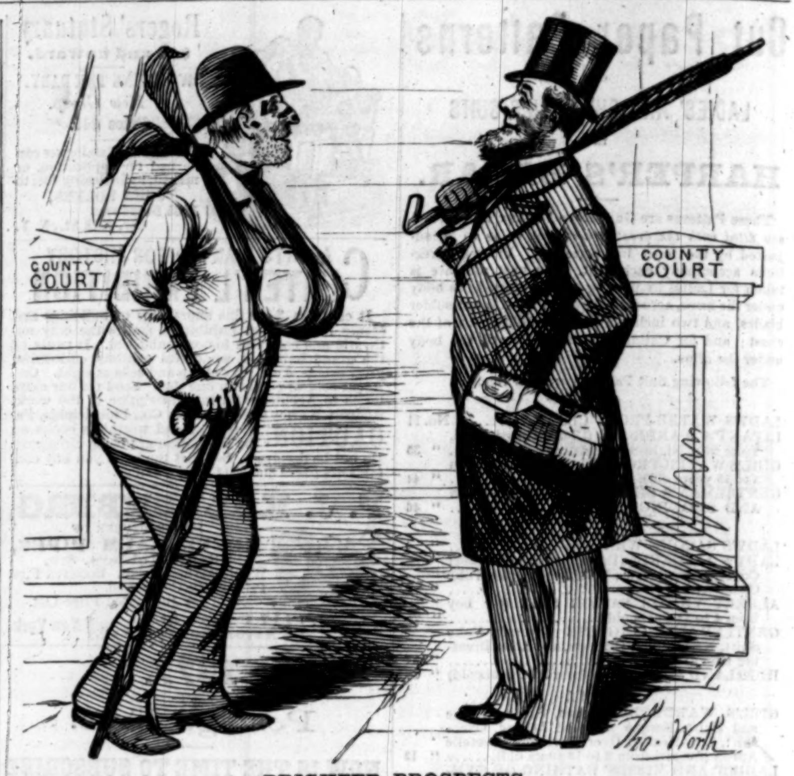

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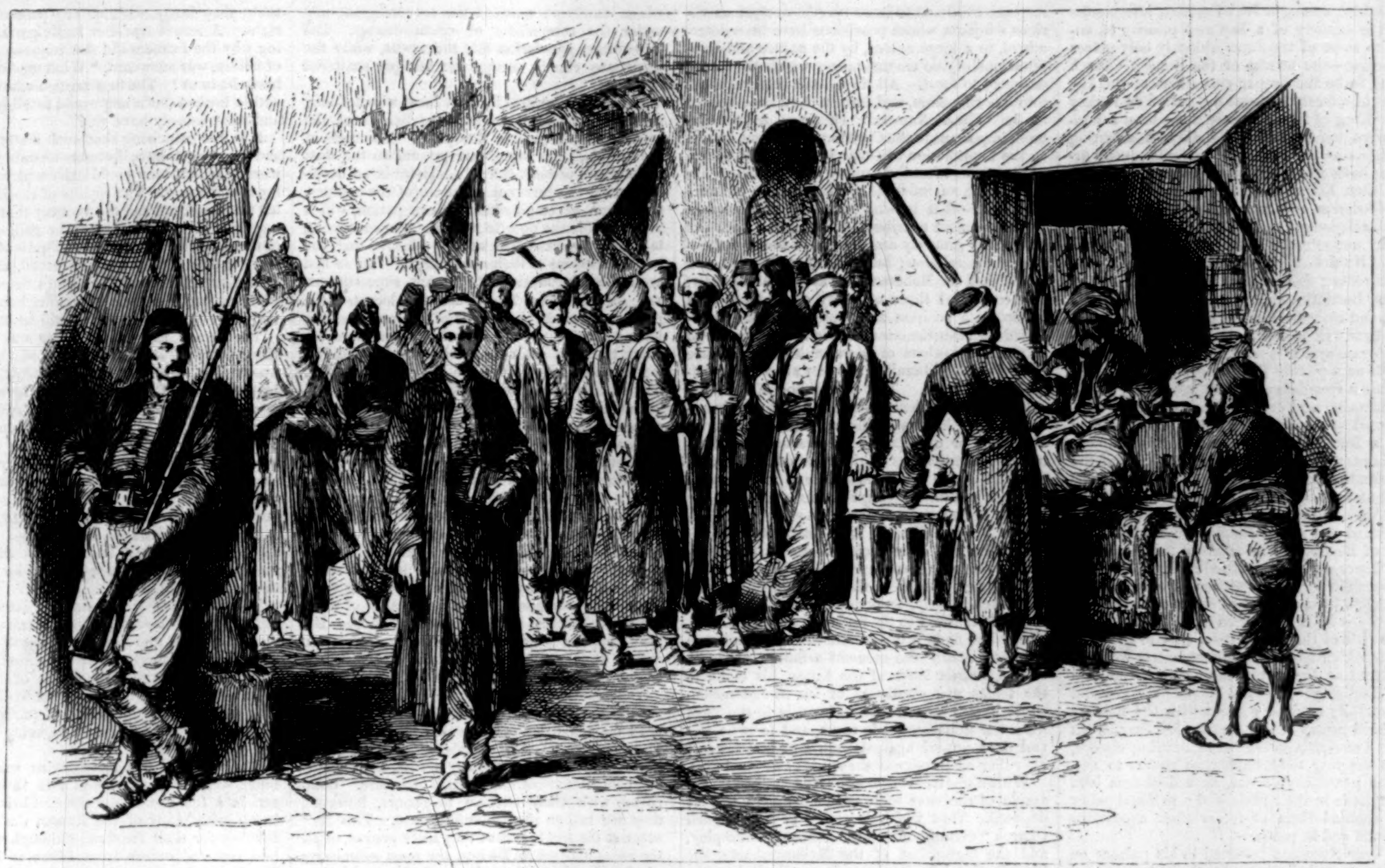


SOFTAS IN A STREET OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

EASTERN SKETCHES.

THE Softas, or students of the Moslem law and religion, form a numerous and active class of zealots in the Turkish Empire. Since the beginning of the present complications they have done their utmost to excite the religious and patriotic fervor of the Turks, and have been energetic in their appeals to the faithful for contributions in support of the war.

The second picture represents a body of Bashi-Bazouks riding through the bazar or trading quarter of the town of Philippopolis, on their way to join the Turkish army. The Bulgarian towns-folk, dreading the plundering habits of these redoubtable cavalry-men, hastened to put up their shutters and bar the doors of their shops in advance of their appearance—a precaution taught by hard experience.

The portraits of four members of the European Conference meeting at Constantinople to settle the future destinies of the Turkish Empire are presented on page 59, namely, the Marquis of Salisbury, who, as special envoy, represents the English government upon this occasion; General IGNATIEFF, the Russian embassador; the Comte de Chaudordy, special envoy of the French government; and SAVFET PASHA, the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, assisted by EDHEM PASHA, late Turkish embassador at Berlin.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

BY MAJOR A. G. CONSTABLE.

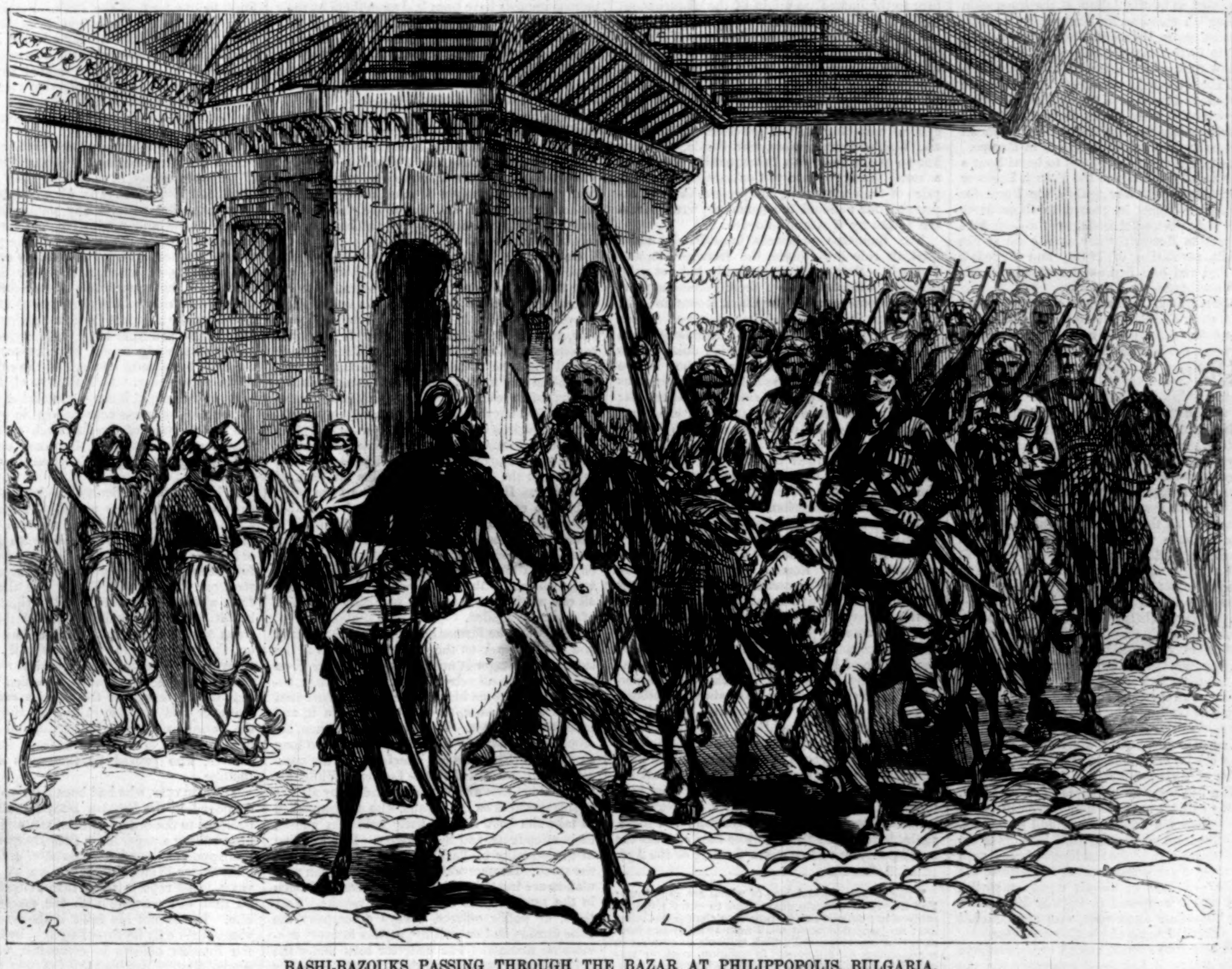
SHALL a small horde of Asiatic barbarians hold eight or ten millions of European Christians in abject bondage?

Such is the Eastern or Turkish question as put by writers in many influential English and other foreign journals.

An emphatic outspoken No! would appear to be the only possible answer that could be given by the Christian nations of Europe, yet the realization of that negative has been puzzling the brains of the wisest statesmen for several generations.

The primary difficulty is one not generally recognized. It is, that all the Mohammedans or Musulmans do not belong to the class thus stigmatized as barbarian in the question above quoted—a term which is properly descriptive only of the Osmanli descendants of the Asiatic invaders who wrested Constantinople from the Christians in A.D. 1453, and whose numbers now do not reach one million of the four and a quarter millions of Mohammedans in Turkey.

There is nothing of novelty in this question to those who remember or know any thing of the Crimean war of 1854–55. It is true that the strife in the Chersonese, which sacrificed the lives of a million of men and destroyed untold millions of property, had its apparent origin in a misera-



BASHI-BAZOUKS PASSING THROUGH THE BAZAR AT PHILIPPOPOLIS, BULGARIA.

ble squabble among a lot of greasy, idle monks about the custody of a key and priority of entrance to some of the superstitiously holy places in Palestine—the monks of the Romish Church claiming to be the proper custodians of the key by right of a treaty between the Sultan of Turkey and the King of France, made more than a hundred years before, the Greek Church asserting their rights as founded on many subsequent firmans or hatts granted by later Sultans.

The then Emperor of Russia was a bigoted Greek Christian, who warmly espoused the cause of his co-religionists in Jerusalem. Pure religious zeal had undoubtedly something to do with the action of Nicholas, but it was not the sole or even the controlling force which induced the Czar to bring on hostilities ending so disastrously to his people, and carrying himself to an early grave.

The Czar, ten years previously, had visited England, for many weeks travelling in well-sustained *incognito* as a private Russian gentleman; and it was after a complete and thorough survey of the manufacturing and other industrial centres that, as Colonel ——, he embarked at Woolwich on board a Dutch frigate commanded by Captain Van Karnabeck, aid-de-camp to the King of the Netherlands, who, when out at sea, transferred his illustrious passenger to the Russian flag-ship the *Black Eagle*, which, with a convoy of vessels of war, landed the said colonel once more on the shores of England, to be received this time with all the honor due to his exalted rank. The writer is responsible for this assertion of a fact which has hitherto been a secret of state, and has never before to his knowledge been made public. This private visit of the Czar gives a clew to the false estimate which Nicholas, unfortunately for himself, placed on the stubbornly pacific disposition of the English people. The *colonel* naturally and very carefully avoided contact with the nobility and landed gentry of the country, devoting all his time and attention to the manufacturing classes, who in the year 1844, having no reason to suspect the possibility of war, were doubtless loud and emphatic in their praises of a national policy which enabled them to follow their avocations with profit and in peace.

The Czar Nicholas returned to his palaces on the Neva strongly impressed with the commercial greatness of England, but profoundly imbued with the belief that the mercantile classes were the real rulers of the country, and that continued peace with all the world being essential to their prosperity, nothing short of a threatened invasion of their own land would rouse a warlike sentiment in the breasts of Englishmen.

On this erroneous idea Nicholas acted, and the result was the utter destruction of a magnificent fleet, the demolition of his finest fortified city, and the all but financial ruin of an empire.

The situation in Europe to-day is curiously like that of a quarter of a century ago.

Nicholas sent an embassy to Constantinople ostensibly to secure from the Sultan the much-coveted key, with certain other concessions in favor of the Greek Christians who made pilgrimages to the Holy Land; but when these demands were assented to by the Sultan, at the suggestion of the English embassador, Stratford Canning, the Russian envoy, Prince Mentschikoff, was instructed to force from the Sultan, by threats of war, a new treaty, by which all the Greek Christians of Turkey should be directly placed under the protection of the Czar of "Holy Russia." Had such a concession been wrung from the fears of the Turkish cabinet, there would have been an end at once to the Turkish dominion in Europe.

Then, as now, Turkey appeared to be without a friend or an ally in Europe: the French Emperor had been threatening war against the Porte for her vacillating policy in regard to these same keys and holy places; Austria owed a deep debt of gratitude to Russia for her saving aid in the Hungarian revolution of 1848; and Prussia's king moved and breathed as the shadow of his imperial brother-in-law Nicholas.

The Czar, when his arrogant claim to a protectorate was refused, believing that the time was propitious for enforcing it by his armies, which he had been massing in Bessarabia, on the confines of Turkey, declared war against that country, or rather committed an act of war by marching his troops into Wallachia.

This was in 1854. Again in 1876 there was a Russian envoy at Constantinople forcing the Sultan to sign an armistice with the Servians, at the very time when the Turkish army, after many severe engagements, was on its victorious march to Belgrade, the capital city of Servia, the assured capture of which would have laid the whole province prostrate at the feet of the Sultan. It remains to be seen whether this acquiescence in the ultimatum of Russia will bear any better fruit than the defiant refusal of Russia's demands in the time of Nicholas.

Before entering upon a consideration of the state of things which gave rise to the much discussed ultimatum, it may be well to attempt an explanation of the opening assertion that the Eastern question has reference to the condition of the Christians in Turkey.

The root of all the evils endured by these much-suffering peoples lies in the Mohammedan religion of their rulers, who govern not by any recognized code of secular law, but by a system claimed as of divine origin, embodied in the Koran, the sacred book of their prophet and founder, Mohammed. The fundamental principle of this system, as regards subject races, is that there can be no equality between a true believer and an infidel. In this latter term are classed all Christians of every denomination; and the teachings of the Koran upon this point are supplemented by those of the "Multeka"—a code of almost equal authority, founded on the supposed sayings of Mohammed and his immediate successors, who are believed to have inherited some of his divine *afflatus*.

In the course of events, indeed, occasions have arisen in which it has been necessary for the respective Sultans to issue specific decrees on various subjects, whose provisions have been determined, to a large extent, by the nature and complications of the circumstances which they were designed to meet. All these have been gathered into one collection, and form a third code known as the "Canon Nameh." Of these decrees the most important to the Christians is the one known as the Capitulation of Omar, issued by the Caliph of that name after the capture of Jerusalem. By this decree an infidel (a Christian) who submits to tribute—that is, who purchases his freedom by the payment of tribute—purchases with it the title to his property and a right to the free exercise of his religion; but it went no farther, and established the Mohammedan as the ruling order, and consigned those of every other faith to a subordinate position as a subject class. Associated with this famous decree in the code referred to are many others of more or less importance and of varying liberality, but they are all of strictly limited force. The "Hatti-Sheriffs" which constitute this "Canon Nameh" being merely emanations of human authority, may be held in obedience or disregarded at pleasure; the commands and teachings of the Koran and Multeka, being of divine origin, demand and must receive absolute and unwavering allegiance.

Thus it has come to pass that whenever a Sultan of Turkey, like the late Abdul-Medjid, has been willing to issue such a decree as the Hatti-Humayoon of February 18, 1856,* it has never been carried into effect, the Mussulman Beys and Governors quietly, or it may be defiantly, ignoring it as contrary to the higher law of the Koran. The Sultan finds it impossible to enforce his own decrees, because the moment a Sultan ceases to obey the strict letter of the Koran, his claim to the fealty and obedience of his Mohammedan subjects also ceases. The Koran is to the Turk what our Constitution is to us, and to it he can and does appeal against such acts and laws of his rulers as transgress the spirit of its teachings.

Within the last few months we have had an example of the ease with which a Sultan can be deposed. That which is styled in the Romish Church "excommunication" is brought into play, and the high-priest of the Mohammedans, the Sheikh-ul-Islam, issues a decree declaring the throne vacant. This may not have been the precise form by which the Sultan Murad was sent into retirement, but it is the currently received version of the affair.

Here, then, is the extreme root of the religious difficulty from which all other troubles spring. A Sultan can not, if he would, give to his Christian subjects that equality which they demand, and which is demanded for them by Russia and other Christian nations. A Sultan of Turkey, with all his power, which is apparently rather than really despotic, is perfectly helpless in any attempt to set aside or override the law of the Koran, which recognizes no possibility of equality between an infidel and a believer in the religion of Mohammed.

With this brief explanation of the fundamental religious difficulty in the Eastern question, we turn to the immediate origin of the disturbances in the Turkish provinces.

A glance at the accompanying map of Turkey will show that its northern boundaries are the rivers Danube and Save, separating it from Austria on the one hand and Roumania on the other, which latter province lies between Turkish Bulgaria and the empire of Russia. Roumania, the general name for the two provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, comprises, with Servia, what are known as the Danubian Principalities, which pay a small yearly tribute to Constantinople as the price of their autonomy, the present favorite expression for national independence, wrung from the Sultan by Western influence.

The Danubian provinces immediately under Turkish rule are Bosnia, the Herzegovina, and Bulgaria. Montenegro is generally, but not quite correctly, named as one of these Danubian provinces. Montenegro—"the Black Mountain"—is, at any rate, the smallest of the provinces. It has an area of 1700 square miles—a little larger than Rhode Island—while its population does not exceed 120,000. Small as their number is, the Montenegrins have always defied the pretensions of Turkey, claiming to be entirely independent; and as all the male inhabitants who can carry arms are ready at a moment's notice to fight in defense of their country, which is almost impregnable by nature, their boast is not a vain one. The province has never really been conquered by the Turks, nor has it for any length of time been in their actual possession.

The Herzegovina and Bosnia together have a population of about 1,216,000, of whom 575,000 are Christians of the Greek Church, 442,000 Mussulmans, 185,500 Roman Catholics, and 9500 gypsies, with 4000 scattering, as we say of votes in elections. Though nominally separate, these provinces may properly be considered as one. Of the Mohammedan population, the greater number are the descendants of Christians who embraced the religion of Mohammed when their country was conquered by the Osmanli. To this descent, perhaps, it is owing that they have always exhibited a spirit of opposition to the central authority of Constantinople. The old Bosnian nobility, whose forefathers became perverts from the Catholic or Greek faith, have been metamorphosed into Begs and Agas, and are distinguished by fanatical hatred to the Greek rayahs, who, in their turn, hold them, the descendants of apostates, in greater detestation than even the true Osmanli; and these, again, hating Christianity, while they oppress the rayahs, despise and contemn the Beg or the Aga, whose ancestors adopted the true religion only under the compulsion of circumstances. The Mussulman population fills the towns, while the Christians chiefly occupy the villages scattered far apart.

Bosnia is described by Miss Irby, who has long resided there, as "the most barbarous of the provinces of Turkey in Europe." "The mass of the people," she says, "are ground to the dust under their present rulers......There is no development of the material resources of the country, no means of employment or occupation, which might enable the poor to meet the ever-increasing taxation, the extortion of the officials, and the heavy exactions of their own clergy." These last are almost inconceivably ignorant, superstitious, and greedy. The Turks are the locusts; the priests constitute the plague of lice and flies following the locusts. In Bosnia proper there are many tracts of soil of marvelous fertility, differing in this respect from the Herzegovina, which may be fitly described as a limestone desert.

Bulgaria, situated on the east of Servia, is separated by the Danube from Wallachia (Roumania) on the north, and by the Balkan Mountains from the central provinces of Turkey on the south. Whether the inhabitants are Sclavonians has long been a source of dispute among ethnologists. It is probable that the original settlers of the country were Finns and other Mongolians, but their association and intermixture with the Sclaves throughout many centuries have left but small traces of what may have been the earlier type. The recent immense immigration of tens of thousands of Tartars, who have settled in the Dobrouscha, the northeastern part of the province, will in time exercise a corresponding influence on the whole Bulgarian race.

The modern Bulgarians are spoken of in the very highest terms by travellers who have had good opportunities of observing their character. They are described as simple, kind, affectionate, industrious, and scrupulously honest, with benevolent countenances and cordial manners. Compared with their Servian neighbors, however, they are rather slow in intelligence. This may account for the fact that they have proved, of all the races subject to Turkey, the most submissive to the Turkish yoke. Part of the population, however, living in the mountains have long used the natural advantages of their position to claim and enjoy freedom and independence. Beyond his power as they are, the Turk can not bring them back to their allegiance, and so he revenges himself by branding them with the hated name of *haïdouks* or brigands. The Bulgarians have sought at intervals to gain their independence, but their efforts have always been wanting either in the spirit or the resources necessary to secure it. The latest attempt to rise against their rulers was so feeble and half-hearted that it has even been stoutly denied that the attempt was made; but the civilized world is still shuddering over the remembrance of the terrible atrocities by which it was remorselessly subdued.

The condition of the Christians in all of these provinces is any thing but an enviable one. Numerous imposts have been laid upon them by their rulers, by which a large proportion of their substance is yearly confiscated. The tax which bears most heavily upon the cultivator is that of the *tithes*, which produces the largest return to the government, and for these reasons we shall devote to it a part of our limited space.

As its name implies, it is the tenth part of the *total* produce of the land, paid in kind. Considerable in amount, this tax is rendered intolerably irksome by the method by which it is collected. The tithe of an entire province was, until very recently, made the subject of an estimate, for which tenders were asked, and the whole was farmed out to the highest bidder, usually a Greek or Armenian Christian at Constantinople.

One of the lately attempted reforms of the Turkish government has been to allow each village community to pay its own assessment on an average of the estimate, but this has not generally been carried out in the provinces under discussion, and the old system is that which led to the present condition of the country. These greedy and, it must be remembered, *Christian* speculators often pay more to the government than the amount of the estimate, which is always sufficiently high, but they re-imburse themselves by subletting, which is done over and over again. The last tithe farmer is generally some well-known rayah (Christian) merchant in a local town, who, as soon as the crops are cut, begins his work of collecting. He soon receives a bribe from some village to come and tithe it first, and so enable the cultivators to harvest their grain before it is damaged. Thus he and his agents go on from village to village, but never without being urged on by the all-powerful *baksheesh*. Work as hard as he will, and bribe as hard as the villagers can, all can not be first, and each year vast quantities of grain are spoiled.

Until the tithe farmer has gone over the ground and put his mark on the grain as it stands in the shock, the villager is not allowed to garner it, on pain of having all seized in his barns. Then, before he carts home his own, he has to secure that of the tithe farmer, thresh it out, clean it, and take it to the town. Then, and not till then, his crops are his own, to do as he likes with, so long as a sale of them does not interfere with the speculations or trade of the tithe farmer. While this man and his aids are on their rounds, they all live at free quarters on the rayahs, who are compelled to take the best care of their unbidden guests, their attendants, and their horses. It is but just to the equality of Turkish injustice to add that the smaller farmers among the Mohammedan population are treated by the tax-gatherers very much in the same way as the Christian rayahs. Zaptiehs, or police officers, always accompany the tithe farmer, and despoil the rayahs in every conceivable manner. The collector robs under the color of law, but the zaptiehs simply take any thing they fancy, without any pretense of legal right. A recent traveller in Bulgaria, on inquiring why the farmers did not improve their breed of horses, was answered, "What use would a good horse be to us? The first zaptieh who came along with a broken-down nag would forcibly exchange, and what remedy have we?"

It is not surprising that such a state of things should at last have become unendurable. The wonder is that men could exist under the burden for a single year. The rayahs of the Herzegovina led the revolt against the tyranny that was crushing them, protesting against the galling exactions of the tax-collectors, and the iniquitous police system by which they were enforced, at the same time demanding that the Sultan's decree of 1856, granting perfect religious equality between Christians and Mohammedans, should be enforced.

The firman thus appealed to was the Hatti-Humayoon of 1856, the result of the Crimean war, and of a solemn engagement of the Sultan by the Treaty of Paris to reform the abuses then as now complained of by his Christian subjects. Many such hatts had before been promulgated by Sultans who were personally willing to grant at least equality to all their subjects, without distinction; but, for reasons already given, these Sultans had been as powerless to enforce their own decrees as were the late Abdul-Medjid and Abdul-Aziz, both of whom may be credited with a sincere desire faithfully to carry out the promises made to the Christian powers who had saved their dynasty and nation.

The first band of Herzegovinian insurgents numbered only about 160, who, after committing several terrible murders, according to the reports of the various foreign consuls subsequently empowered to investigate the causes of the troubles, took refuge in Montenegro, from which province they were lured by promises of pardon and protection never extended to them, being surrounded and slain to a man.

The whole of the Herzegovina was soon in a blaze, which rapidly spread into Bosnia proper, and in a few weeks the Greek Christian inhabitants, with many of the Roman Catholics, were fighting for their freedom, although these latter had received orders from Rome to keep quiet. The Turkish commanders might not have found much difficulty in utterly destroying the badly armed and worse disciplined levies arrayed against them, had not a similar insurrection taken place in Bulgaria, followed by a declaration of war by Servia, an independent principality which had gained autonomy in 1829 by the politic assistance of the great powers.

Whether this declaration of Servia was of its own volition, or, as some assert, was due to the intrigues of Russia, is a disputed point which can not be settled at the present time.

The population of Servia by the census of 1872 is 1,100,000, the greatest number being Christians of the Greek Church, the Mohammedans numbering about 5000, the Roman Catholics 3500, with a few hundred Protestants, and nearly 25,000 gypsies. Jews to the number of 1800 are only tolerated in one city—Belgrade—where they are confined to one part of the town. Servia has just been styled an independent principality since 1829. However, like Moldavia and Wallachia, it has paid a yearly tribute to the Sultan amounting to $100,000. Besides this annual payment, on the accession of each new Servian ruler 100,000 piastres, comparatively a small sum, is presented by the prince to the Sultan, who in return sends the "berat" of investiture.

Last year the army proper numbered 4000, with a militia strength of 70,000. The revenue of the principality in the same year amounted to $3,556,000, which was all expended, Servia, however, being without any public debt. The soil is fertile and productive, but three-fourths of its surface are uncultivated. The people are averse to labor either as cultivators or artisans; the peasants, rather than work for themselves, employ for the construction of their cottages with their rude furniture itinerant masons and carpenters from the adjacent Turkish province of Albania. Their principal trade is in swine, and the value of the pig export into Austro-Hungary amounts in value to one-half of the export trade of the principality. As indicative of the inclinations of the people, it may be remarked that while the Greek Christians acknowledge in some measure the primacy of the Patriarch of the Greek Church at Constantinople, they know nothing and acknowledge nothing of a supremacy in that Patriarch.

It is somewhat difficult of belief that a people such as these Servians would have declared war against a power like that of Turkey without some more urgent cause than sympathy with their brother Sclaves in Bosnia, unless they had good reason for believing that they would be aided by still stronger powers; and Russia was the only one from whom they had the smallest right to expect it. It is fair to say, however, that the Servians claim that the concentration of Turkish troops on their frontier in the spring of 1876 left them no other resource, as actual war was better than the state of suspense in which they were kept by the threats of the Turkish commanders. However this may be, in July of the past year the sword was drawn by Servia, and that state had no lack of volunteers from the Russian Sclaves, who poured by thousands across the Danube.

Tchernayeff, who had been deprived of a high command in the Russian army for alleged disobedience to the orders of the Czar, and had lately been editing a paper in St. Petersburg or Moscow, was appointed commander-in-chief of the Servian army under Prince Milan, a youth of twenty-one years. All reports agree that Tchernayeff did all that was possible with the materials under him. It was not his fault if the wretched Servians could only be forced to fight by blows from the Russian officers in command, who fell by scores, shot in the back by the men they hoped to lead to victory. Never in the history of the world have such tales of cruel cowardice been told of men presumably fighting for their country as are contained in the published letters of English, French, and German war correspondents.

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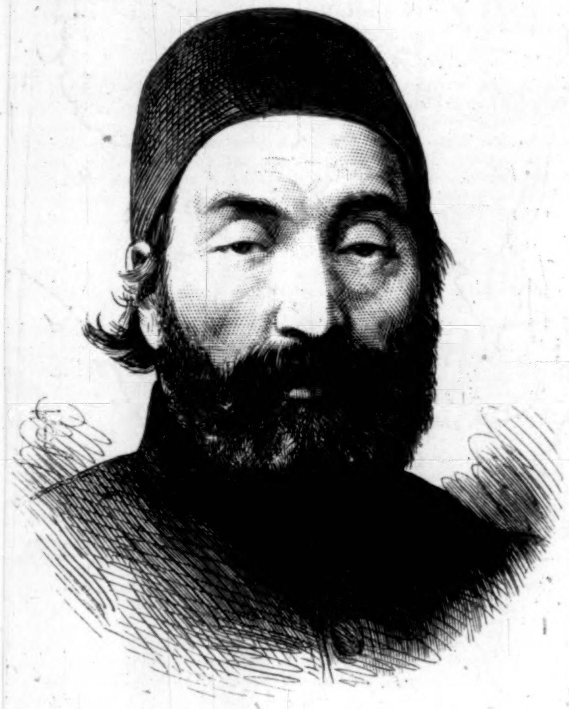
* The principal provisions of which are as follows: Full liberty of worship guaranteed to every religious profession; no one can be forced to change his religion; no legal document shall acknowledge any inferiority of one class of Turkish subjects to another in consequence of difference in religion, race, or language; foreigners to have the right to hold real estate.

It is not surprising that after a three months' campaign the fanatical religious enthusiasts of the Sultan's infantry should have marched through the breadth of the land, and only stopped from the seizure of Belgrade, or, more correctly, *Beograd*—the White City—by command of the Sultan, in acquiescence with the now celebrated ultimatum of Russia demanding a cessation of hostilities.

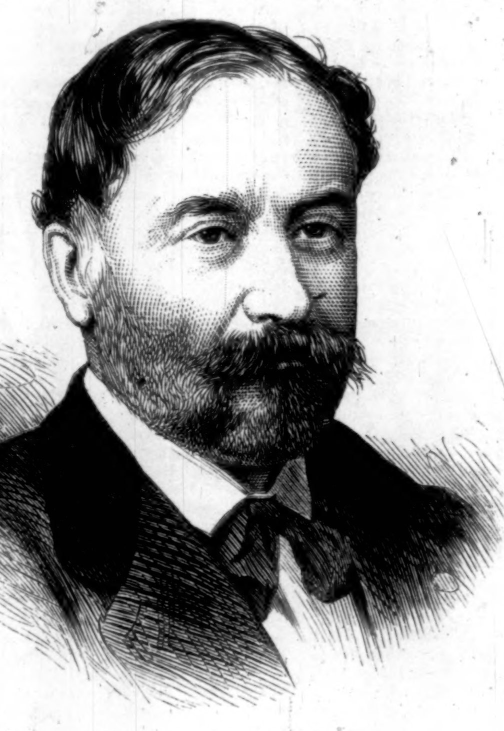


SAVFET PASHA, TURKEY.

Whatever may have been the precise terms in which the ultimatum was couched, the armistice or cessation of hostilities which was the result had for its professed object an international Conference, in which the various powers of Europe would have an opportunity of discussing and, if possible, settling on some decisive plan for securing the reforms which are unquestionably necessary in the conduct of the internal affairs of the Turkish Empire.

It is understood that Russia enters the Conference with a strong conviction that the only practical remedy for the present state of things lies in compelling Turkey to grant independence to Bulgaria, Bosnia, and the Herzegovina, with the right of the Czar to a protectorate over all the Christians of the Greek Church throughout the Turkish dominions in Europe.

It is probable that England may consent to the independence of the three provinces, which will, just as probably, be resisted by Austria, while both these powers are likely to unite in protesting against a Russian protectorate of the Greek Christians as entirely subversive of the authority of the Sultan in his own dominions.



COMTE DE CHAUDORDY, FRANCE.

Of the powers taking part in this Conference, Austria alone would seem to have any clearly defined interest in the result. A glance at the map will show the reader that Bosnia and the Herzegovina are contiguous to the domain of Austria, and that power is naturally and justifiably jealous of any change which in the future might lead to any closer connection between them and the giant power of Russia. This feeling is not the only one likely to influence the Austrian cabinet. The population of Austria is pretty equally made up of Sclavonic and other races—the Magyars of Hungary, the most powerful and influential of the non-Sclavonic races, numbering as they do forty per cent. of the entire population of thirty-six millions, while the Sclavonians are about fifty per cent. The Magyars profess the Roman Catholic faith, while many of the Sclaves belong to the Greek Church. The Magyars regard the Sclaves with unconcealed hatred, and it is their opposition which will prevent Austria from acquiring Bosnia and the Herzegovina if again offered in the coming settlement of the Turkish Empire. The chance of future complications with the Russians and their dream of Pan-Sclavic empire appear less dangerous to the Magyars than a present and immediate accession of Sclavonic influence in the councils of Austria, as would be the case if Sclavic Bosnia and the Herzegovina were admitted as fiefs of the empire.

It may be of interest to ethnologists who are fond of tracing existing prejudices of race back to their origin to be reminded that there was once a close, if not a family, connection between the Magyars and the Osmanli Turks, who still style the former "bad brethren."

It is generally conceded that Germany, in any probable event, will adhere to the strict neutrality which distinguished Prussia during the Crimean war, but it is not believed that Germany would consent to any settlement of the Turkish question which might eventually lead to the permanent acquisition of the mouths of the Danube by Russia. Germany, with all its military strength, is comparatively a poor and struggling country, and can not afford to have her interests in the East, and a possible source of future wealth, taken from her by a barbarous race directed by a few educated but insatiably ambitious men. This is the language of the independent press of Germany.

The Danube is the highway of commerce for Central Europe, and the Germans, in spite of the Sclavonic races peopling its banks, regard and speak of it as a German river. In addition to this, the Germans may well be convinced that the dismemberment of Turkey will be succeeded by the disintegration of Austria. When that was accomplished, Germany might be left to fight for very life with the concentrated Sclave power of Russia on the east and the French on the west.

It is said that **BISMARCK**, the all-powerful German Chancellor, has a very strong feeling in favor of Russia; but as the leader of the great Teutonic nation, it is not to be believed that he can regard favorably any movement that tends to a realization of the Russian dream of a powerful Pan-Sclavic empire.

France has already spoken in very distinct tones, declaring that she will not be drawn into a war, come what may, and Italy has no particular interests which would lead her into another alliance with Turkey. **VICTOR EMANUEL**, King of Italy, is not credited with the ambition of **VICTOR EMANUEL**, King of Sardinia, who sent his gallant Bersaglieri to perish in the snows of the Crimea.

So two of the antagonists of Russia in 1854 may be counted out of any offensive alliance against the Czar.

At the present Conference of the powers of Europe, the positive antagonists to the supposed pretensions of Russia may be narrowed down to Austria and England, irrespective of the "sick man" Turkey.

Of the position of Austria enough perhaps has been written.

England is credited with a morbid dread of the power of Russia, the truth being that a large number of intelligent Englishmen regard with apprehension any movement on the part of Russia which seems to threaten their own dominion in India. Rightly or wrongly, they have come to believe that the Czar's solicitude for the well-being of his co-religionists in Turkey has no more sincere foundation than a desire to acquire Constantinople, which, by some odd reasoning and a want of correct geographical knowledge, the English persist in considering as on the high-road to Calcutta and Bombay.

To prevent such a catastrophe as a Muscovite instead of a Moslem Constantinople, the English people endured the burden of the Crimean war, the just fruits of which they permitted themselves to be cheated out of by their quondam ally, the Emperor of the French. The very questions which now agitate Europe could have been finally settled twenty years ago at the Paris Peace Conference of 1856; but, for his own reasons, **LOUIS NAPOLEON** would not press the Russians, and it may be added the Turks, to such concessions as were justified by the result of the war. So things were allowed to drift back into the old grooves, and now England is once more called upon to face precisely the same difficulties which she spent millions of treasure and fifty thousand lives to surmount, the greatest being a Russian protectorate of the Greek Christians in Turkey; for, after all is said, that *was* the claim of **MENTSCHIKOFF**, shattered into fragments in the crumbling ruins of Sebastopol. It is *the* claim of Russia to-day in the great Conference.

Before this paper is in the hands of our readers, it is probable that the recommendations of the Conference now in session will be made public, so that any speculation as to the future course of events would be profitless; but it may be remarked that the provinces about the condition of which all this trouble has apparently arisen, not being, as it is understood, represented in the Conference, may not be satisfied with the decisions arrived at by the representatives of the great powers.

Bosnia may not, probably will not, agree to exchange the Turkish for an Austrian yoke. All that the Bosnians and Herzegovinians desire is self-government under a ruler of their own choice, and they are even credited by some writers with a wish to remain incorporated with the Turkish Empire if only the promised reforms be carried out in letter and in spirit.

As for Bulgaria, there is nothing the inhabitants more dread than to be left to the tender mercies of Russia. They at least have no desire to be the advance-guard of a Pan-Sclavic empire.

The Bulgars, like all the Christian subjects of the Sultan, are not called upon for military service of any kind; indeed, they are not permitted to enter the army, and have therefore a wholesome and well-grounded dread of the harsh conscription laws of Russia, to which they would at once become amenable if they came under the dominion of the Czar.

Montenegro desires and will be satisfied with a full recognition of the independence which she has always claimed, and a sea-port on the Adriatic. The little state is certain that it can then take care of itself.

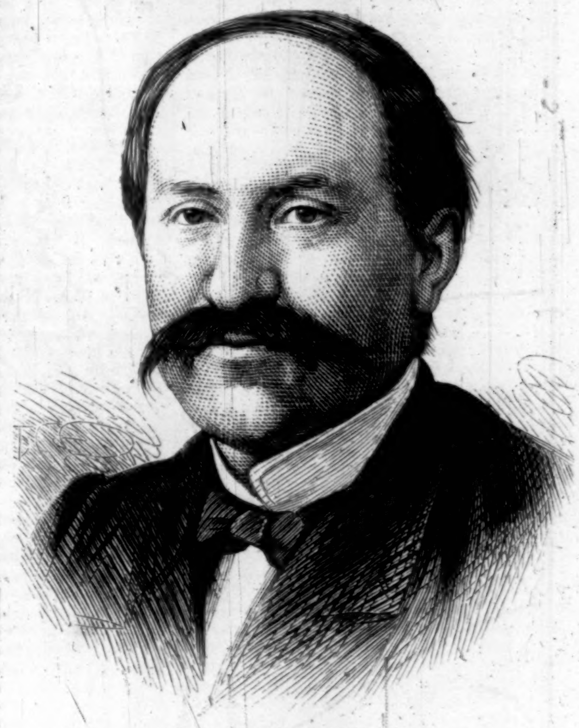
The Emperor of Russia most vehemently asserts that he has no designs of conquest — indeed, he would have it believed that he would not accept Constantinople as a gift; and, as the English Foreign Secretary blandly replied, on receiving from the minister of the Czar at the court of St. James the assurances of his imperial master's pacific intentions, "we gladly accept them in view of the recent war measures and the urgent demands for a large loan."

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, cabinets have good memories, and the like pacific assurances from the father of the present Czar, just before the Crimean war, are not forgotten.

Recent events have made it evident that the Turkish Empire still retains considerable vitality. Money, a full exchequer, is all that is needed by the Sultan. Supplied with that main sinew, it is not by any means certain that Turkey would fall an easy prey to Russia even if unassisted by any Christian nation. The Turkish infantry and artillery are equal, when properly led, to any troops in the world; and if the Sultan, deserted by all his old allies, in his desperation were to declare a *jehad*, or holy war against the infidel, recruits by tens and hundreds of thousands would rally round the green standard of Islam.

It must be remembered that no country in the world's history has ever been brought under subjection by or through the want of money. Finally, the Turks in Europe are not all Osmanli; indeed, of the four millions, not one-fourth are descended from the Asiatic horde which crossed the Bosphorus more than four centuries ago. A Turkish Mussulman is not necessarily the fanatical ruffian we have heard so much about lately.

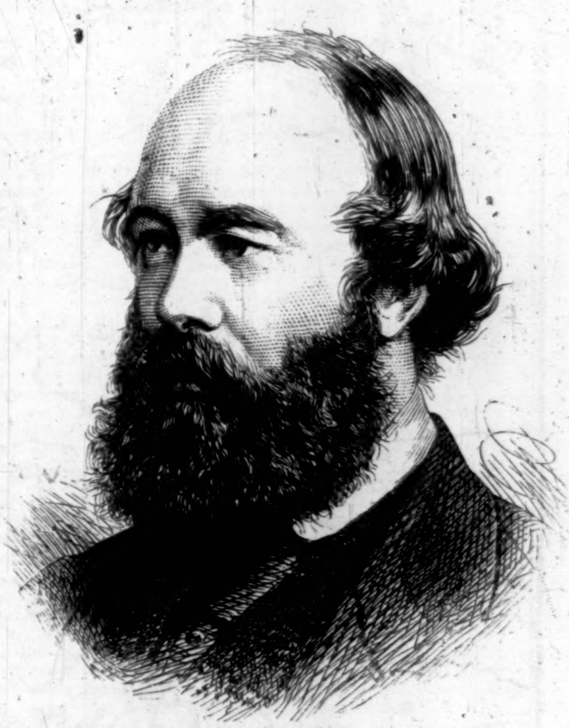
It may be broadly stated that a Turk never adopts the dress of a giaour (infidel) till he has lost his native virtue and acquired some of the vices of the people he apes. The village Turk has his faults, but they are faults of a manly kind, and as a counterbalance he has many a fine trait in his character.



GENERAL IGNATIEFF, RUSSIA.

He loves to be idle, and will be so as long as he can; but if the necessity arises, no one will go through more hardship and labor than he will. He will struggle on long after hope is past, and will die of hunger and hardship without a murmur. If led by those he can trust, he will fight splendidly, and he never questions an order even if he sees death staring at him through it. He is faithful to his master, be he Mohammedan or Christian, and will work as hard as any one if he but see a time of rest before him. He is by far the most honest of any of the various peoples of Turkey, and is proud and careful of his promise. He is hospitable both by his religion and his nature, and it is rarely he turns a stranger from his door, never if he be a co-religionist.

A Turk thinks little of money, and has few wants. He is kind to all his women folk, be they wives or slaves, and is himself the slave of all his little children, who treat him as a great plaything.



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, ENGLAND.

This is the deliberate, carefully studied opinion expressed by one who has lived familiarly among the Turks, and who knows them well.

On the following page the reader will find a clear and carefully engraved map of the Turkish Empire in Europe and Asia, prepared expressly to accompany this article. On this map the strategic points of the military situation may be easily traced. Railroads are indicated by dark lines, and boundaries by dotted ones.